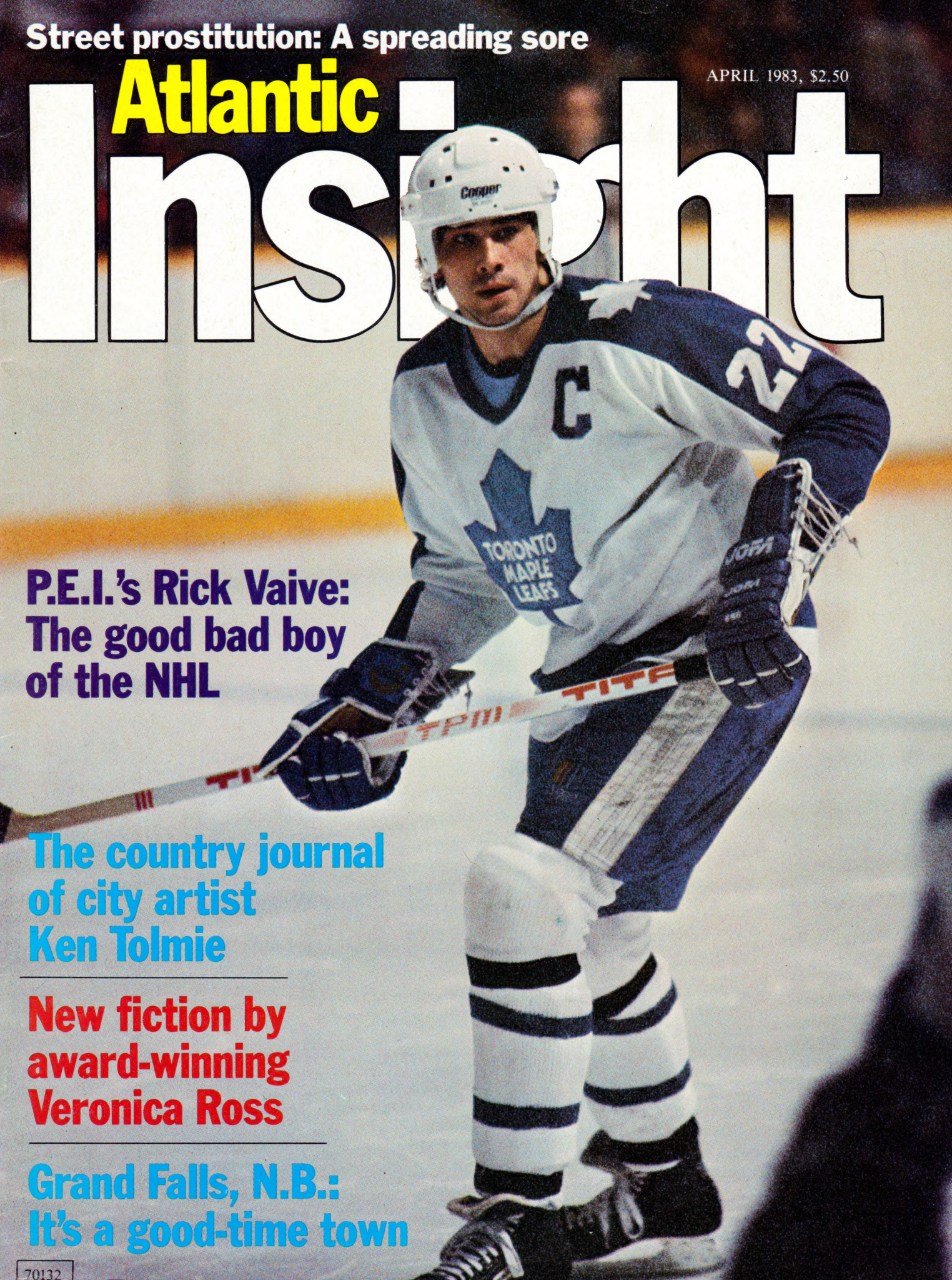


Street prostitution: A spreading sore

APRIL 1983, \$2.50

# Atlantic Insight

A full-page photograph of a Toronto Maple Leafs hockey player in action. The player is wearing a white jersey with blue accents, a blue maple leaf logo, and the number 22. He is also wearing a white helmet with the 'CANDID' brand name, blue gloves, and white socks with blue stripes. He is holding a hockey stick with 'TITAN' and 'TPM' written on it. The background is a blurred ice rink.

**P.E.I.'s Rick Vaive:  
The good bad boy  
of the NHL**

**The country journal  
of city artist  
Ken Tolmie**

**New fiction by  
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*Atlantic Insight* is published by Northeast Publishing Limited. **President:** Marilyn MacDonald. **Secretary-Treasurer:** J.L.S. Jenkin. **Controller:** Patrick J. Hamilton. Address: 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683, ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$25, 2 years, \$47; U.S.A., Territories and Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents copyright ©1983 by Northeast Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA. Northeast Publishing Limited assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and other materials and will not return these unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.



APRIL 1982, Vol. 5 No. 4

## COVER STORY

Praised as hockey's golden boy and scolded as its bad boy, P.E.I.'s Rick Vaive has come a long way for a guy still in his early 20s. But the Toronto Maple Leafs captain and his wife, Joyce, have their own way of handling celebrity: Enjoy it while it lasts

## PAGE 20

COVER PHOTO BY STEVE BEHAL



## SMALL TOWNS

In bicultural Grand Falls, N.B., the municipal coffers carry a tidy surplus and local industries succeed where all around them seem to fail. No wonder folks get along. "It's hard to separate Grand Falls people," one resident says, "unless you use a meat knife"

## PAGE 25



## ART

City-bred artist Ken Tolmie's stock took a sharp rise when he began recording on canvas the country life of Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. But he predicts the best appreciation of his work will come from an audience still unborn

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## Editor's Letter

### I ♥ the boonies

If only Ida Bogner had stayed home and visited the zoo we wouldn't be in this mess. Bogner comes from the Bronx, a borough of New York City, and last summer she got out of town, leaving behind the chic mod cons such as hot and cold running muggers and token suckers.

Token suckers, in case you don't know, have nothing to do with that breed of whom P.T. Barnum once said there was one born every minute. They're the latest trend on the New York subways, kids who pounce without warning, jam turnstiles and then suck out the tokens. Don't laugh. According to one published report, it's worth \$50 to \$100 a day to any kid with strong jaws and a fast lip.

You'd think that anyone with the chance to spend time watching fascinating practices like that would hardly be able to tear herself away. But Ida Bogner did, packing up her 1982 Buick Regal and pointing its nose toward the island of Cape Breton which was to have been the final destination on a trip taking her, in a leisurely manner, through the province of Nova Scotia.

But a funny thing happened on the way. Or maybe not so funny. Outside New Glasgow, her car broke down. Replacement parts were unavailable locally and had to be sent by courier from New York which, thanks be, is still apparently free of automotive part suckers.

Still, it took three days for the parts to arrive, days which Bogner and her family had to spend in the New Glasgow-Antigonish-Monastery area, an annoying interruption to her vacation plans. I wouldn't have liked such an interruption myself and neither did she. She high-tailed it home and promptly launched a civil suit against her car's manufacturer for the emotional harm — "discomfort, disappointment and mental anguish" — she'd suffered. Judge Allan Saks of the Bronx County Civil Court found in her favor, and here's where things get rough. He awarded her \$200 for her suffering at being forced to "languish in the boon-docks" of Nova Scotia for several days.

Well. Such huffing and puffing hasn't been heard since the Fifties when a national magazine referred to the province as a cultural backwater. (Judge Saks used the phrase "provincial backwater" himself.)

First off the mark was the Halifax daily newspaper, *The Chronicle-Herald*. It blatted out an editorial dumping on Judge Saks. Then, up rose from his seat in the provincial legislature (conveniently in session) Dr. Bill Gillis, MLA for part of the afflicted boondock. He presented a resolution to the house, demanding an



apology from Judge Saks and Bogner to the people of Pictou and Antigonish counties for using the nasty word "boondock." The members of the assembly, who had previously refused to consider a debate on the issue of wife beating, adopted the resolution with all speed. (NDP leader Alexa McDonough and Attorney-General Harry How, obviously no judges of what the important issues really are, voted against it.)

Heaven knows (and so do magazine editors) how excited people can get about words. Witness the continued debate (Feedback, page 6) on Harry Bruce's column on name-calling (*Oh, It's Awful to be a "WASP,"* February). But it's hard to see how anyone could fail to see the names which got tossed around in Judge Saks' courtroom as anything more than what they were: The result of a Bronx lawyer's shrewd attempt to squeeze a big car company on behalf of his client. What raised (or lowered) the incident to the level of embarrassing Grand Guignol was watching our press and politicians seize the opportunity to act like twerps.

I don't really care much about Judge Saks or Ida Bogner, whoever they are. I like living in the boondocks, if that's where I am and whatever that means. That's assurance, among other things, that I can drive the Halifax-Dartmouth bridges without having to worry about running over some kid who may have dropped by to suck tokens out of the turnstiles. I like the spirit of people like Bill MacNeil, one of the planners for the Great Boondock Festival, scheduled for Pictou County this July. MacNeil says that for city visitors, there could be "some sophisticated American entertainment, like *Stacey's Jamboree*. If we can get a scout to follow the blazed trail to Antigonish and Monastery, we're going to invite the natives there to join in the celebrations."

Meanwhile, back in the Bronx, Judge Saks says he hasn't heard anything about the wording of his decision from the Canadian embassy. Thank God for that. If our diplomatic corps hadn't been distracted by frivolities like acid rain and airline seat sales, we might have had an international incident.

*Marilyn MacDonald*



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# FEEDBACK

## No Toronto bias

While it is certainly true that CBC Halifax "hasn't produced a single network variety series" in the past three years (*The CBC Network's 'Way-Down-East Sound Is Dead. Here's Why*, Region, February), the same might be said for the entire network, with the exception of Vancouver where co-production funding made it possible for us to afford to produce *The Paul Anka Show*. That is not the result of a Toronto bias but, rather, a direct result of methodically decreased appropriations to the network and the regions over the past several years. Two other statements in that same paragraph are offensive to me. Rather than to state that "CBC killed Halifax's last series, *The John Allan Cameron Show*," it would have been more appropriate to suggest that the show "died" while still under the care of the producer. The responsibility for the show and its success or failure in delivering and satisfying a large enough audience is, however uncomfortable the mantle, on his shoulders. Beyond that, it is untrue that I said I never want to see fiddles on the network again. It is irresponsible and cowardly for your reporter to hide behind the words "Colbert reportedly said" in order to avoid a call to me to verify this. Had he done so, I would have suggested he screen a recently completed Halifax network show in which David MacIsaac does some damn fine fiddling.

If there is a bias in Toronto it is in favor of strong programming, regardless of its point of origination. Perhaps the answer is to be found in a more contemporary, creative look and feel of what the region is today, how its roots and strengths can be melded into a more universal experience and how that can be transmitted in a way that reflects not only a piece of the picture of the past but the beauty and grandeur of the whole picture of yesterday, today and tomorrow. When that is offered, I suspect the programmers, who may work in Newfoundland, Saskatchewan, rural Ontario, Quebec and the United States, just to name a few, will be as quick to cheer as your writer is to condemn.

Stanley L. Colbert,  
Head, TV Light Entertainment  
Canadian Broadcasting Corp.  
Toronto, Ont.

## System tolerates abuse of women

Wayne MacKay's views on the Jane Stafford case (*Was the Jury Wrong?*, Special Report, February) seem to display a tolerance for a double standard with respect to the criminal law. He suggests that battered women should be judged according to the principles embodied in our system of criminal justice, ignoring the fact that this same system offers them little or no protection. Battered women live in a lawless world

largely ignored by officials charged with the responsibility of enforcing the criminal law, except when they come to public attention as offenders rather than victims. Surely it takes little exercise of the imagination to think of how any of us would behave in such a world as the victim of actual and threatened violence. It was not Billy Stafford who was found guilty, it was the system which tolerates the violent abuse of women and leaves them with no legal remedy other than self-help. In any event, the principle that Prof. MacKay finds lacking is readily available. Section 37(1) of our *Criminal Code* states that "everyone is justified in using force to defend himself or anyone under his protection from assault; if he uses no more force than is necessary to prevent the assault or the repetition of it." The jury seems to have taken a realistic view of what was "necessary" given the protection available for battered women at the moment. All we can hope for is that there will come a time when it will no longer be "necessary" for a battered woman to resort to self-help.

Christine Boyle  
Halifax, N.S.

## Have we got a deal for Harry!

As one "dull and unimaginative member" of our Hospitality N.B. industry, I offer the following entry into Mr. Bruce's Horrible Holiday contest (*Wanna Have a Rotten Vacation? Have We Got a Deal for You*, December). Would Mr. Bruce care to trade positions for a suitable period to experience for himself the incredible delights of managing a segment of an industry that last year generated some \$330 million in New Brunswick, a large proportion of which greatly assists the local population? Perhaps he would care to experience a family of American tourists arriving in the hotel for an evening's accommodations after a thoroughly terrible day, or perhaps the sheer excitement generated after a large amount of time and capital was spent on promoting winter vacations only to have nature fail to provide the necessary white stuff. As for me, I would sit in my office and type tongue-in-cheek articles about the failure of the hospitality industry.

Ian C. McClellan,  
General Manager  
Howard Johnson's Motor  
Lodge  
Fredericton, N.B.

I read *Wanna Have a Rotten Vacation*... once, then read it again and I am still at a loss to understand just what Harry Bruce is trying to prove. If people in the hospitality industry were all as pessimistic as the article, then tourism, which is fast becoming the leading industry in our province, would suffer indeed. It is very easy to sit in a heated office and ridicule the people in the industry who

are trying to make an honest living by bringing their guests to our great outdoors. In January, my husband and I were awarded the World Tourism Medal for New Brunswick. Let me tell you, we did not do this by being negative.

Hectorine LaForge  
Motel Près-du-Lac  
Grand Falls, N.B.

## Guy's blasphemy unacceptable

I am very displeased with Ray Guy's column in your magazine this month (*What, Be Jaysus, Is the One and True Image of Newfoundland?* February). That gentleman used the name of Jesus several times through his column and, on one occasion, Whitecoat-for-Christ. Why he wants to spatter his column with the name of Jesus I will never know. I am a retired United Church minister and I cannot accept this without protest. I am receiving my subscription from my grandson in New Brunswick. Were it my personal subscription, I would cancel it immediately.

Wm. R. Newbury  
Baie Verte, Nfld.

## No charge for meditation

Thank you for your thoughtful article about the growth of our Buddhist community in Nova Scotia (*Buddhists Seek a New Eastern Home*, Religion, January). I would like to clarify one important point for your readers. In accordance with the 2,500-year-old tradition of Buddhadharma, meditation instruction and the opportunity to practise at our centre are always provided free of charge. The article alluded to a \$30 fee. That was, however, for a special intensive weekend program of lectures, study and practice on the secular teachings of the Buddha.

Edythe Crane  
Halifax, N.S.

## No affection in this name-calling

I get the feeling that some of Mr. Bruce's best friends are "Newfies, Polacks," and so on (*Oh, It's Awful to Be a "WASP."* February). Those of us not fortunate enough to have been born Anglo-Saxons can rest easy now that he has assured us it's all in the way we are called names that matters. I was born and raised in Halifax, and we were called "Frenchies." I never once felt that the term was used affectionately. The reasons why one group of people labels another are complex, but when you are on the receiving end of that label you are reminded that you are different and, more often than not, you are meant to feel inferior. The Ku Klux Klan and those who "beat up French Canadians, stone Pakistanis or bait Jews" are made up of God-fearing nice guys who call others names.

M.M. Barry  
Beaconsfield, Que.



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# Mining for pay TV gold

*Don't let the Playboy fuss fool you. This adventure isn't about sex. It's about money*

By Chris Wood

No lights went down. No curtain went up. With little more drama than the push of a button, last February, microwave links caught satellite signals and pay TV was in business.

The most dramatic innovation in broadcasting since the introduction of cable was ushered in by a national controversy over one channel's plans to air adult programs produced by the Playboy Corporation, but pay TV is not about sex. It is about money.

In the United States, where pay TV has been on the air for most of a decade, one company alone, Time Inc.'s Home Box Office, made \$100 million last year. The gleeful predictions are that Canadian pay TV operators could share a gold mine worth \$600 million a year by 1986.

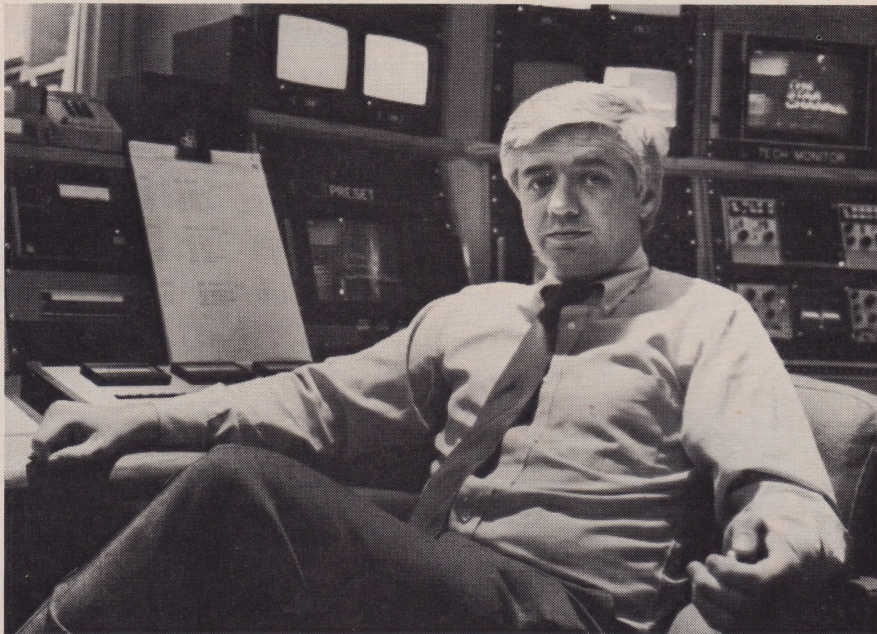
What viewers will get, supposedly, is more choice on the tube, for a price. Thanks to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) and its control of broadcasting licences, Canadian film producers, those in the Atlantic region among them, can look forward to \$100 million a year being spent on Canadian films later in the decade. Cable companies hope pay TV will break open a whole new market for electronic services. But none of it will happen if pay TV fails to take off as its boosters predict. And that hangs on two closely related factors: Market penetration and programming.

Pay TV's choice of films, sports and special events will influence how many of the 270,000 Atlantic Canadians with cable hookups will pay an extra \$24 to \$65 every month to receive one or more pay TV channels. The number who do will decide which pay ventures get a share of the gold, and which go the way of the Edsel and the zeppelin.

"Penetration is the big crap shoot, always has been," says Finlay MacDonald, a former CTV reporter with a

cherub's face and a speaking style colored by recent movie-buying trips to Los Angeles, who dreamed up Star Channel Services Ltd., the Halifax-based regional pay service, while sailing in Halifax harbor. In an interview before Star went on the air February 1, MacDonald said that his company needed to sign up 20% of the region's cable subscribers within three years to break even. Two weeks after Star began broadcasting, he told reporters that "response has been much higher than anybody anticipated. Everybody lowballed the penetration rates."

Evidence from the cable companies suggests MacDonald wasn't just doing some positive thinking. Within days of going on the air, pay's "penetration,"



Star Channel's Finlay MacDonald: "Penetration is the big crap shoot"

ranged from a low of less than 4% on Prince Edward Island, to a high of almost 50% of cable viewers in Port Hawkesbury, N.S. "We would have 20%," the manager of Fundy Cablevision in Saint John, N.B., said, "except we're having problems getting descramblers [the so-called magic boxes that permit pay subscribers to receive the services they buy, and only the services they buy]." "Early projections were 30% after three years," Dartmouth Cable president Charles Keating said. "After two weeks I'm changing that to 50% after three years."

But the early returns may be misleading. In Saskatchewan, which

pioneered pay TV in Canada with a provincially run system that began in 1980, 40% of new subscribers cancelled ("churned" in pay TV lingo) within months of signing up. For MacDonald's Star Channel there is the further uncomfortable factor that most pay subscribers buy only one channel. Star is trailing its principle competitor, the Toronto-based national First Choice service, in an uneven 60-40 split of early subscribers. The culture-oriented C-Channel is running a distant third, attracting fewer than 30 subscribers in Saint John in the first weeks of its promotion.

How many viewers stick with First Choice, switch to Star, or drop pay TV entirely depends on programming: The quality and appeal of pay TV's mix of specials (largely sports and live pop concerts) and so-called first-run movies (virtually all of which have already appeared in theatres, and are available in videotape clubs even before they're available on pay TV). And the early response to that wasn't nearly as promising.

"We're not pleased with it," said Peggy Barter, whose Saint John family bought First Choice. "The kids enjoyed *Star Wars* and *Pop-eye* this week. But they repeat themselves too much. I find it monotonous. I don't know how long we're going to keep it."

Movies make up three-quarters of the pay TV bill of fare, and the pay channels promote their ability to provide big-screen epics not only before they're available on regular TV, but without either commercial breaks or censor's deletions. (In its first month, Star aired *Last Tango in Paris*.)

But it wasn't movies, even such raw fare as *Last Tango*, that stirred public controversy over pay's content, so much as the variety programming produced by a Playboy subsidiary and bought for Canadian airing by Toronto's First Choice.

"If you buy [First Choice], you...are indirectly financing the Playboy empire and the pornography industry in general," objects Marilyn Smith, a feminist spokesman from Fredericton. She, like many other women's rights advocates, sees the Playboy program as the thin end of a wedge that will eventually break down the door to pay TV for hard-core porn with its "all too common link between



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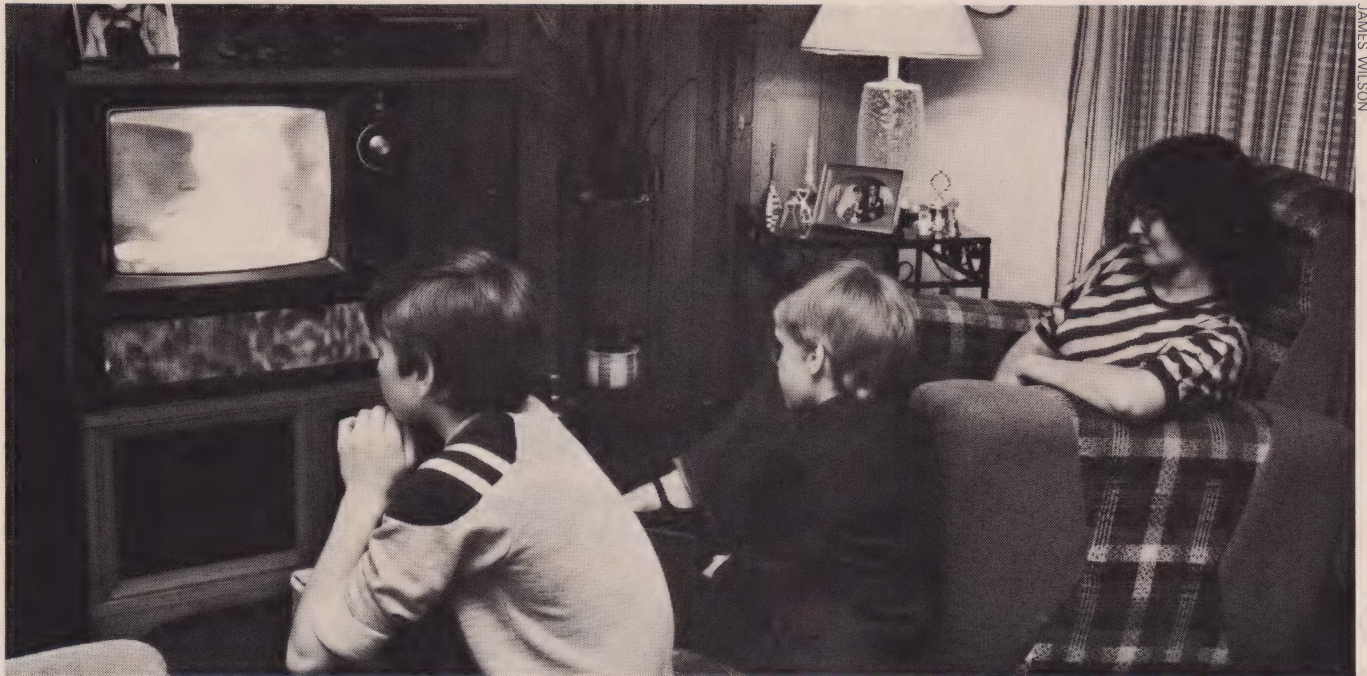
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## THE REGION



The Barter family's not pleased

sexual fantasy and violence."

Perhaps. But the controversy was an unqualified bonanza for First Choice. "When First Choice announced Playboy, requests for that service began to run three to one over Star," one cable operator says.

In St. John's, Nfld., Phyllis Mackenzie says she "naturally" chose First Choice because of the Playboy program (she later added Star because of First Choice's more limited movie selection). "There are prudes everywhere who'll object to anything. But I don't mind sex in a movie. You can always turn it off."

The furor prompted the Nova Scotia government to say it would subject pay TV movies to the same ratings system applied to films shown in theatres, a move that could leave blue movies tied up in red tape. It's not clear that Nova Scotia has the right to rate films that may be played on equipment at Star Channel's Halifax studios, but are beamed into Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland, where sex on the tube "was not an issue", according to cable companies. As well, the CRTC has served notice it may consider Nova Scotia's action an infringement on its own turf.

The Playboy issue seems likely to fizzle out for lack of truly fiery material. "Once people see that Playboy stuff, they're going to be terribly disappointed," predicts MacDonald. "We passed on it. It's just not good programming." In the meantime, he adds, Star will continue to show "sexually explicit themes after 11 o'clock at night."

Forgotten in the ruckus over porn on pay TV was the as-yet unfulfilled promise of all pay operators to spend between 30% and 50% of their programming

budgets on Canadian-made films, and the commitment of Star Channel in particular to spend half of its budget on regional productions.

"So far," says Bill Fulton, a Halifax spokesman for ACTRA, the union representing writers and performers who work for CBC television and many of the country's independent production houses, "they seem not to be living up to their licence prospectus. We haven't seen any evidence that local performers are going to benefit from pay TV."

One of the performers who might seem to be a natural choice for pay TV productions is actress Joan Gregson, seen recently by Halifax audiences in Neptune Theatre's production of *The Apple Cart*. "We were very excited about [the prospects of pay TV] originally," she says. But "the way things are working out, it doesn't seem as if there's going to be that much work."

Jim McSwain, co-ordinator of distribution for the Atlantic Film Co-operative, complains that Star "is not looking for innovative, experimental film-making. They're looking for commercial light entertainment."

Finlay MacDonald is unapologetic. In what he calls Star's "Darwinian struggle" with First Choice for viewers, "we've made it clear we want only commercial scripts." Although he's bought some regionally produced films, including *Aerial View* and *South Pacific 1942*, a made-in-Atlantic-Canada label doesn't guarantee a film's acceptance. "It has to be very good stuff before it gets on the air."

Perhaps only two or three production houses in the region, according to Marcelle Gibson of the Nova Scotia Film Resources Centre, are polished enough to meet pay TV standards. Even fewer

may be sophisticated enough to negotiate the financial deals that "package" a film script for production and broadcast. But the ones which measure up will also get a crack at sales outside Atlantic Canada. Star has joined regional pay TV channels in Ontario and Alberta in purchases of American movies, MacDonald says, and film-makers who manage to sell a movie to his channel may also be able to sell it in Ontario, the United States, or Britain.

According to one business writer, pay TV will make or break within a year. But which will it be? Theatre-owners, regular TV stations (dubbed free-V by pay people) and commercial operators of videotape movie clubs all stand to gain or lose according to how pay TV shapes up.

Watching most closely of all will be the region's 57 cable companies, some of which have invested nearly \$2 million in equipment to deliver pay TV, hoping it will pave the way for other, even more novel, electronic services: Home banking via cable, Telidon, real-estate listings on cable, and one-time pay TV events. "Pay TV is the locomotive," says Dartmouth's Keating, "that will pull the freight train of many, many box cars of TV services."

The box cars, however, can't move out of the yard until the locomotive proves itself. Which is why Finlay MacDonald starts most days in his Halifax office by reviewing the latest subscription figures from cable companies. Those numbers, reflecting the tastes of a quarter of a million cable subscribers like Peggy Barter and Phyllis Mackenzie, will determine how big a share of the promised pay TV pie will fall to him, how much will be available to hire the talents of film-makers like Jim McSwain and actors like Joan Gregson, or whether, in fact, there is a pie at all. ☒





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## Moncton proves that you can't keep a good city down

*Once dubbed "a city of losers," it's bouncing back with more than \$70 million worth of building plans. Even the sad, old Eaton's warehouse is coming alive*

**F**ew cities have had to live with such a visible reminder of failing fortunes as Moncton. When Eaton's national catalogue sales operation closed its doors in 1976, 1,200 people in Moncton lost their jobs. The effects were felt in every tree-lined street of this mainly commercial New Brunswick city. For seven years, the blank walls and blind windows of the old Eaton's warehouse were depressing reminders of the death of a national institution.

The grimy, yellow-brick walls still tower above weed-choked vacant lots. A single-storey extension is clad in tarpaper. Most of the doors are boarded over with plywood. But the warehouse is no longer a symbol of failure in Moncton. Rechristened "Heritage Court," it has become a symbol of the city's defiant ability to rise from its own ashes, in keeping with its motto, *Resurgo* ("I rise again").

Inside the building, workmen have already begun converting the warehouse into a showpiece of urban ingenuity. Federal offices will occupy three of its six storeys. Boutiques will draw shoppers to a mall on the ground floor. A four-storey annex will house senior citizens' apartments.

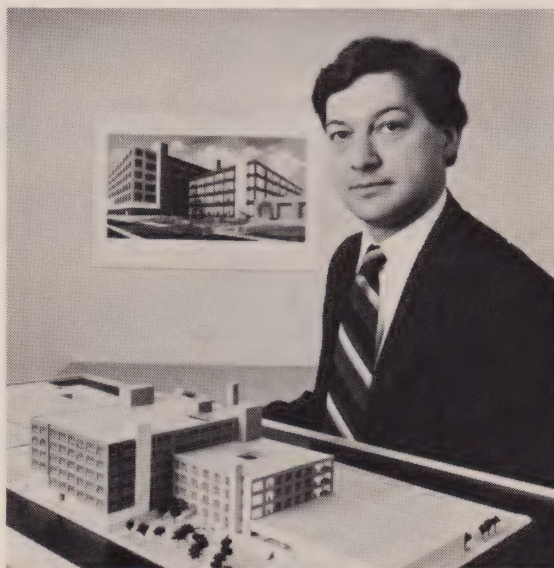
The revival of fortunes has not come easily — for the building or for the city. The old warehouse had already defeated one renovation attempt. In 1979, civic officials asked former investment dealer Dick Carpenter to find a use for it. It took him three years, while heating costs alone for the empty building averaged \$4,000 a month. Part way through, Carpenter found himself owning the place, propping up his personal finances by moonlighting as a roofing contractor. At times, he was tempted to move his family in to save money.

In January of this year, Carpenter's patient wooing of tenants and financial backers paid off. The last piece in a complex series of commitments fell into place when the feds signed a five-year lease for office space. That was the leverage Carpenter needed to persuade his bankers to spend \$8 million for renovations, and to persuade Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. to grant a senior citizens' co-op a \$2-million mortgage at 2% interest.

For Monctonians, grimly accustomed to hearing their city linked to layoffs

and shutdowns (the Atlantic Chamber of Commerce once unkindly called it a "city of losers"), the good news about the old Eaton's building seemed to release a new spirit of optimism.

Within days, the Moncton Central Business Development Corp. released a list of more than \$70 million worth of new building projects slated for the city, including a \$14-million "Agréna" that will become home to the Atlantic Winter Fair. The Moncton Chamber of Commerce kicked off a morale-boosting campaign by releasing 1,983 helium-filled balloons. City hall released proposals for half a dozen new developments in the city centre, one of them an audacious



Carpenter with model of Heritage Court

scheme to build a roof over 1,000 feet of Main Street, buildings and all, to create an instant downtown mall.

Why the sudden surge of optimism, when many other cities in the region are sagging in the recession? Carpenter says Moncton simply had "nowhere to go but up" after its setbacks of the Seventies. And businessman Jean-Guy Richard, president of the Central Business Development Corp., says, "We didn't have our act together as a city. In the last four years, there's been a collective leadership emerge."

The new style of politics became apparent at city hall, where the fiery, combative Leonard Jones was succeeded as mayor by Gary Wheeler. He was

turfed from office in 1979 over conflicts of interest. Dennis Cochrane, who took over the rest of Wheeler's mandate, is a soft-spoken, 28-year-old high school vice-principal. When his one-year, interim term ended, no one opposed his reelection. "People took a chance when they elected me," he says. "I like to think they got some dividends." Apart from Cochrane's more conciliatory political style, those dividends have included four consecutive budget surpluses, rare at any level of government.

Other aspects of life in Moncton have been changing too. Relations between the city's English-speaking majority and its French-speaking minority (a third of Moncton's population) reached a low point early in the Seventies when a group of Université de Moncton students dumped a severed pig's head on Mayor Jones's doorstep. Today, Jean-Guy Richard says, most Moncton businesses serve customers in either language, and "it's hard to find a family [of either language] without an intermarriage."

The presence of Radio Canada's largest production centre east of Quebec, the university and a dozen or more

French cultural organizations, says Paul Landry, director of the Société Culturelle Dieppe Moncton, have helped make the city the francophone arts centre of Atlantic Canada. Several artists, such as singer Edith Butler and actress Viola Léger, launched international careers in Moncton. Next month, a craft festival in the city will display works by more than 300 Acadian artisans.

The news is not all good. Harmonious bicultural relations may conceal a subtle threat to Moncton's francophones. Outside the university and professional art community, Landry says, assimilation of French-speaking Monctonians is "alarming." His organization

is drafting a strategy to try to halt it.

And, despite the epidemic of optimism, the city's economic forecast is not unalloyed gold. The new developments, described in glowing terms by city consultants, depend heavily on cash from government and industry — investments that aren't likely to materialize until the Maritime economy recovers.

But 2½ years ago, Landry's organization didn't exist. Four years ago, neither did the Moncton Central Business Development Corp. And only four months ago, Heritage Court was still, in Dick Carpenter's words, a "memento of failure" in a city that seemed to be going downhill for good.

— Chris Wood



## Charlie's a cheerleader for a down-and-out town

*Offering building lots for \$1 each was only one of Mayor Charlie Martell's schemes for reviving Georgetown. He doesn't give up easily*

**C**harlie Martell, the indomitable mayor of Georgetown, surveys the smoking remains of the Kings Theatre Playhouse, the turn-of-the-century theatre that used to be the town's pride and joy. Only yesterday, workmen were in the midst of a \$107,000 renovation of the Playhouse, digging a new basement, adding a coffee shop, dressing and meeting rooms. For Georgetown, it was a big project, and one of the few bright spots in a town down on its luck. Today, the mayor is down, too — but not out. "I guess you sort of get used to some setbacks," he observes, "but I guess you just have to try harder."

The fire that destroyed the historic theatre is only one of many setbacks Georgetown has endured in recent years. A thriving port a century ago, Georgetown today has a population of only 737, half of what it was in the town's heyday. It has neither a bank nor a drugstore nor a resident doctor, and it's lost 650 of the 800 jobs it had two years ago. "It's as if someone's been trying to get rid of us," Martell says of his working-man's municipality, located at the end of a dead-end road 50 km east of Charlottetown. "But we're trying to turn things around."

If anyone can do that, Martell's admirers believe, it will be Georgetown's outspoken, bulldogish, 49-year-old mayor. Since he was elected three years ago, citizens have formed new committees, launched new schemes and explored just about every road that might lead to the town's recovery. "Charlie's on the phone all the time trying to scrounge up dollars," says Frank Butler, a senior project officer with the Canada Employment Commission in Charlottetown. "There's no doubt in my mind he's the guy making things happen down there. He gets his hands dirty, he doesn't just sit back in an office."

**M**artell, in fact, has never had an office, or even his own desk. Georgetown's municipal building, from where the town's budget of \$221,000 is administered, is a former service station, containing a clerk's office and a meeting room. Martell calls the setup "crummy," but things could be worse — and were. When he took over the mayor's job, he didn't even have a full council. Only three people ran for six council seats that

year, and the three uncontested seats had to be filled through appointments. "In the old days," Martell says,

"Georgetown had a negative image. Things were shot down before they got off the runway. That's what we're trying to change."

Late last year, Martell hatched his latest scheme aimed at bringing new residents and new industries to the town. From Georgetown's 100 acres of common land, he suggested, the town should offer a building lot for \$1 to anyone who'll build a new home or business. Before the town council even had time to consider the idea, word got out, and Martell was on radio programs across

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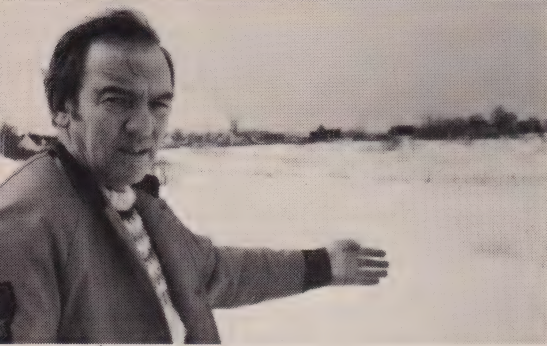


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## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



GORD JOHNSTON

Canada. "Once the publicity started," he says, "I wasn't one to stop it." By mid-winter, the mayor was getting calls and letters from as far away as Florida. The Florida inquiry was from a man who said he was looking for a fish plant to buy. "I sent him a whole pile of information," Martell says.

A pipefitter by trade, Martell works (when there is work) at the Georgetown Shipyard. He spends much of the rest of his time phoning government agencies (what he calls "nosing around") and attending meetings. Besides his mayoral duties, for which he's paid \$600 a year,

Martell: Want to buy a lot?

he's on the board of the Kings Playhouse and the town's heritage organization. The Playhouse, which the town plans to rebuild, was home to a summer theatre group and had considerable historic value: It was one of two Georgetown buildings that talented Island architect William Critchlow Harris designed almost a century ago. The other is the old courthouse.

If there's one thing citizens are proud of, it's the town's historic buildings. You can still find Colonial, Victorian and Edwardian structures along its quiet streets, and Martell has become a champion of their preservation. (It's a fairly recent enthusiasm for Martell, who once worked for a modern elevator company in Toronto. "When I lived in Toronto," he says, "I didn't like old buildings that much. Every time we tore one down, it meant we were putting in a new elevator.") Heritage schemes he's pushing include cataloguing the histories of the town's old houses. "As soon as he got elected," says Catherine Hennessey, former director of the P.E.I. Heritage Foundation, "I just had faith in him."

**D**uring Martell's term as mayor, Georgetown has pried close to half a million dollars from the Canada Employment and Immigration Commission (mostly from the Community Development Program) for eight different projects, creating 63 jobs and 1,629 work weeks. That has helped soften the blow of the seafood plant shutdown, and of the uneven business at the shipyard and lumber mill. "We've practically lived off the Community Development Program," Martell says. "Without it, we'd have a hell of a lot less happening."

Trying — not always successfully — to make things happen has become the mayor's trademark. During last fall's provincial election, he nagged at provincial politicians, trying to get them to commit their parties to financial aid for Georgetown's shipyard and seafood plant. Eventually, he began to feel "like a woodpecker banging my head up against a wall." By election day, he was so fed up, he refused to vote. "I'm stubborn," he says.

"Charlie's unorthodox at times," says Daryl MacDonald, the man Martell defeated by two votes in his first mayoralty contest. "He likes to cut red tape, and do everything in one step. I don't think the town's regressing since he became mayor."

There's not much wrong with Georgetown, the town's mayor and biggest booster believes, that some new economic activity wouldn't cure. "We're a beautiful, quiet community," he says. "We just have to make a few things happen. People have been ignoring us for years, but we're still here. And we haven't given up."

— Len Russo

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# Who's afraid of the big, bad seat belt?

*Two successive provincial administrations, that's who. Making you buckle up could cost politicians votes. Except if you're a kid*

Last December, a three-year-old on a drive with her father in his pickup truck was flung to her death when the passenger door flew open on a curve. The young girl would still be alive today if she'd been wearing a seat belt. Yet despite continued horror stories and compelling statistics that show seat belts do save lives and reduce the severity of injury, there is still an adamant and intense feeling among many Nova Scotians, including the provincial government, that wearing a seat belt must be a matter of choice. "We want the freedom even to be wrong," says Nova Scotia's Attorney-General Harry How, one of the strongest opponents of mandatory legislation.

The Nova Scotia legislature passed a compulsory seat belt law in 1974, but it was never proclaimed and put into effect because of a public uproar, and the pro-choice stand of the then Liberal premier, Gerald Regan. The hot-and-cold debate that's continued since then erupted again at the N.S. Conservative party convention in February. Bill Kelly, a former Tory candidate, introduced a resolution on behalf of the Inverness South constituency association to proclaim the seat belt act, only to see it soundly defeated by a four to one margin. Kelly, a Port Hawkesbury lawyer, said he was once against the act but changed his mind because in court he was struck "with the grim reality of the human suffering resulting from car accidents." He was finally convinced when a close friend and three others were killed in an accident and both the medical examiner and the RCMP concluded they'd all be alive if seat belts had been fastened.

Kelly says he feels "a moral responsibility to educate people on the value of seat belts." But he knows it'll be an uphill battle to convince his fellow Tories. He admits many politicians are afraid of losing small-town votes if they come out in favor of a mandatory law. "There's a strong vocal minority out there," he says.

One group that's come out in opposition to the law is the Police Association of Nova Scotia. Joe Ross, the executive director, says, "We're already over-regulated to death." Municipal police forces in the province have also questioned the enforceability of such a law. "Even in Ontario and Quebec where it's mandatory, it's one of the laws police pay the least attention to. There's more important things to do," Ross says.

Other people claim seat belts are in-

convenient and uncomfortable. And there's a particularly vehement reaction from the elderly who have never cultivated the habit of seat belt use. Frances McCarron, 86, of Beavertown says, "If I have to wear a seat belt, I'm staying out of the car."

"Psychological discomfort" is the term coined by Harry How to explain his objection. "I really don't like to feel confined," he insists. "I don't even wear a belt on my pants, but use braces. It's more custom than law or logic." How insists most Nova Scotians don't want the government telling them what to do. "I can't say just who, but I just sense the majority sentiment is against."

One Conservative in favor of compulsory seat belts is the former Highways minister, Tom McInnis. He set up the



Larson and son Ian: Buckling up baby

Minister's Committee on Highway Safety in 1979, and the committee concluded that "seat belts are the simplest, most practical and most cost-efficient way of reducing the human and economic loss of motor vehicle accidents."

The committee chairman, Walter Thompson, a Halifax lawyer and former head of the Civil Liberties Association, says he's disgusted with the government's unwillingness to act. "I'm speaking as a partisan Conservative, but if the Tories don't have the leadership or guts to act on this, leave the province to the Liberals."

Most champions of broad-based seat belt legislation now seem willing to concede it is a dead issue in Nova Scotia. But they are rallying their forces to promote a law aimed at youngsters. A team of doctors from the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax recently

met with Transportation Minister Ron Giffin to promote mandatory automobile restraint for infants, children and teenagers.

"There may be a lot of emotional opposition to an adult law, but kids are different," says Dr. Alfhild Larson.

The doctors say more children are killed in motor vehicle accidents than from any other cause, and unrestrained children often standing on the seat or sitting in their parents' laps are much more vulnerable to injury. Larson points to statistics that say there are 93% fewer fatalities among restrained children. Yet even though there's overwhelming proof that most child injury and death are preventable, 80% to 90% of Nova Scotia youngsters go unrestrained. She points to the tragedy of the three-year-old killed in Port Hawkesbury and says a seven-year-old Halifax boy recently died in the same way when the passenger door opened unexpectedly. Several children are treated at the IWK Hospital each year for significant injuries suffered in car accidents where there wasn't even a collision.

This year the Women's Institutes of N.S. and the Junior League in Halifax have initiated a "Buckle Up Baby" program to rent out infant restraint seats. "It's a good start, but it's really only a drop in the bucket. They're probably only serving the converted," says Larson. "What we really need is a tough law." She's optimistic because even though there is intense opposition to adult seat belt laws in the United States, 21 states have passed mandatory child restraint laws in the past four years. And a survey by Transport Canada showed 64% of Nova Scotians would favor such legislation.

Bill Kelly says if the resolution he introduced at the Tory convention had dealt solely with child restraint it would have passed. "If the main argument is about freedom of choice it would be defused if applied to the young. Two-year-olds have no choice."

Transportation Minister Giffin confirms that the government hasn't even looked at the seat belt issue since 1979, but the idea of child restraint has changed the focus. "There's no possibility of any such law in 1983, but I will be following up on the idea of legislation covering only children."

The Liberals and the NDP say they would support the concept. And, if adult seat belt legislation still scares the provincial administration, the common-sense principle of restraining and protecting children may be more appealing to them. Kids, after all, can't vote.

— Susan Murray



## Psst! Want to buy a good used ferry?

*In Newfoundland, there's a nice, big one that's been idle for almost three years. It's costing taxpayers more than \$100,000 a year*

**F**or more than 10 years, Wilbert Weir ferried residents of two tiny islands off Newfoundland's northeast coast back and forth to the mainland with a 40-passenger boat, backed up in summer by a converted fishing schooner. It's a short route — a round trip of 2½ hours — and not a very widely travelled one: Together, Little Bay Islands and Long Island have fewer than 1,000 residents, most of them fishermen who use the ferry to shop and visit friends on weekends at St. Patrick's on the mainland. But the ferry service, located in Premier Brian Peckford's riding of Green Bay, has become a symbol of government bungling in the transport field — at a time when the province is in the midst of a controversial takeover of all nine routes in Newfoundland's intra-provincial ferry system.

"It's a scandal," Bell Island ferry service operator Harold Lake says of the government's entry into the ferry business. "And the provincial government is getting away with it because nobody knows what's going on."

The Green Bay fiasco started in the summer of 1979, when Weir, backed by a provincial government loan guarantee, bought a \$700,000, 200-passenger ferry for the 64-km round trip. The boat, which has four passenger lounges, a large cafeteria and a vehicle deck, has turned into a floating white elephant. It's costing Newfoundland taxpayers more than \$100,000 a year in mortgage and insurance payments. And it's been sitting idle, tied to a wharf, for almost three years.

Weir's new ferry, the *MV Green Bay Transport No. 1*, was a disaster from the day it arrived in Newfoundland in the fall of 1979. First, while in St. John's harbor for miscellaneous repair work, it accidentally rammed the *MV Cape Roger*, a federal fisheries vessel. (The feds are now suing Weir and his company for about \$50,000 in damages.) Next, it was found that the repairs needed to pass Canadian Steamship Inspection (CSI) regulations were more extensive than anticipated. Built in 1955, it needed bow and stern ramps, watertight bulkheads and fireproofing in the vehicle deck. In 1981, Newfoundland Drydock estimated the cost of this work at \$265,000; industry officials say the current cost could be twice that high.

Although the repairs were never carried out, Weir obtained a temporary CSI certificate to carry up to 49 passengers on the *Green Bay Transport*, and in January, 1980, it started sailing on the

Little Bay Islands-Long Island route.

There was only one little hitch: The *Green Bay Transport* was too big to dock at the ferry terminals, and the fishermen's wharfs were too crowded to accommodate it.

Jim Hanlon, director of Newfoundland's intra-provincial ferry system, says both Weir and the province had expected the feds to build new wharfs. The work wasn't done by June, 1980, and the *Green Bay Transport* was taken out of service, after only six months on the job.

The Green Bay fiasco signalled the beginning of the Newfoundland government's career as a ferry operator and owner. To replace Weir's ferry, in December, 1981, the government bought the *MV Inch Arran*, an 18-year-old, 40-passenger ferry that had operated between Dalhousie, N.B., and Miguasha, Que. It cost about \$300,000 and needed extensive engine repairs, reported to be as expensive as the purchase price.

The *Inch Arran* will carry passengers

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**"The Green Bay Transport  
No. 1... may end up  
costing taxpayers \$2 million,  
or three times the  
purchase price"**

---

from Little Bay Islands to the mainland, splitting the old route with the *MV Vivla*, a Norwegian vessel the government bought in February. Weir says splitting the route doesn't make sense; the province is doubling its financing, depreciation and insurance costs for the service.

The government now owns three of the 14 ferries that serve about 20,000 people on islands or outport settlements on nine different routes. It is currently negotiating for the purchase of two more.

The province is expected to complete its takeover by 1989 or 1990. The takeover, according to a 1981 report produced by CN Marine and commissioned by Peckford, will cost taxpayers an estimated \$3 million a year for the next seven years. The CN marine report recommended a move to public ownership, but the takeover has outraged Newfoundland ferry operators, who are represented by the Newfoundland Ship Owners Association. "The government is empire-building under the guise of nationalism," says Lake, whose Bell

Island service is the largest in the province, handling more than 200,000 passengers a year. "If there are serious problems with a ferry service, then sure, the government should step in." But that isn't the case on any of the routes, Lake says.

Wayne Davis, president of the Ship Owners Association, says none of the government's decisions in taking over the ferries have been based on logic "but have been influenced by politics, right down to where the vessels will be used in the system."

Newfoundland Transportation Minister Ron Dawe says the takeover will save the province millions of dollars in the long run: It will mean the province will be buying the ferries instead of paying subsidies to private operators to cover both operating and capital costs. Dawe says the operators had a "sweet-heart deal" under the old system. "We paid all the costs and they kept the vessels," he says. Public ownership will also mean vessels can easily be moved from one route to another, he says.

Meanwhile, with the *Green Bay Transport No. 1*, taxpayers are getting neither equity in the ferry nor service for the money they're pouring into it. "All right," says Dawe, "so we have one bummer on our hands. When we negotiated that deal, we didn't have the hindsight of the CN report and its recommendation for public ownership of the ferries."

To try to salvage its investment, the province is negotiating with Weir to buy the vessel and move it to the Fogo Island ferry route. The government offered Weir the amount still owing on the ship — about \$350,000 — but he wants about \$800,000, industry sources say. He wants to be reimbursed for his down payment, repair costs and duty charges and make a little profit to boot.

Considering the costs of repairs still needed on the *Green Bay Transport* — an estimated \$.5 million — it may end up costing taxpayers \$2 million, or three times the purchase price.

The latest chapter in the Green Bay story might be taken as a bad omen for the province as it continues its \$19-million ferry-shopping spree. If the government decides to start trading in its ferries for bigger and better models, taxpayers may find they're owners of an almost unsalable commodity. John Andrews of Fogo Boat Brokerage in St. John's says he's been trying to find a buyer for an old, worn-out ferry for almost three years. And last year, Wilbert Weir tried to sell his not-so-old vessel, the *Green Bay Transport No. 1*. Nobody wanted it.

— Bonnie Woodworth



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# She's the welcome intruder at Church Point

*Acadian men have always run Université Sainte-Anne, Church Point, N.S., but its next president is neither Acadian nor male. She's Roseann Runte, a "little toughie" from New York state, and she's got qualities Sainte-Anne knows it needs*

By Harry Bruce

**W**hy would Université Sainte-Anne, of all institutions, choose Roseann Runte, of all people, as its president? Sainte-Anne, after all, is not merely the one francophone university in all Nova Scotia, it's also the province's chief custodian of Acadian culture. Roseann Runte is not Acadian. She is not Québécoise. By birth, she is not even Canadian. She's from New York, and got much of her education in Kansas. Her maiden name is O'Reilly, her married name is German. She looks Scandinavian, and she's a scholar. Moreover, she's only 35. No one that young, no woman, no outsider and, in recent years at any rate, no scholar has ever won the presidency of Sainte-Anne. So what happened? To put it simply, this tiny university boldly decided she was its best bet to help it shuck a so-so image and begin to assert itself as an educational mecca — not only for every young Acadian in Nova Scotia but also for some who are not so young, and for others who are not Acadian.

Sainte-Anne is at Church Point, Digby County, at the far west end of Nova Scotia. It was to this hard shore that certain Acadians, whom the British had expelled from the lush Annapolis Valley in 1755, returned on foot and in ox-drawn carts in the 1760s. The French Shore is 64 km long, and almost 350 km from Halifax. Some families have been shifting for themselves out there for more than two centuries. They know one another. They don't know Roseann Runte. But this somewhat citified woman, who spends her summers studying documents in the national library in Paris, has chosen to live among them in the red, frame house that goes with the job of president of Université Sainte-Anne. That job, in the Seventies, was a plum for prominent locals.

Sainte-Anne sits on the ocean side of the highway, and its upper rear windows offer a sweeping view of St. Marys Bay. Next door, St. Mary's Church stabs the sky with a steeple that looks like a lady's hat in a medieval costume drama. Eudist priests founded Collège Sainte-Anne in 1890, and ran it till 1971 when it became a public college. It wasn't till 1977 that the Legislative Assembly agreed to let it call itself a university, and its enrolment is small.

How many students, Dr. Runte? She

won't be taking over till July 1, but she already knows some answers. "One-hundred-and-sixty-nine full-time," she says. "They're in residence. Four hundred part-time, 300 bursary students in summer, and 16 on master's programs in co-operation with the University of Moncton." The faculty and administration total only 45, and they include six Comeaus and a Comeau-Savoie, four Leblancs, and a couple of Gaudets. A fat fraction of the 45 earned their undergraduate degrees at Sainte-Anne, right there on the shore where they were born. The outgoing president is Charles Gaudet, a successful local businessman with Liberal connections, and more than half the governors are from the French Shore.

Sainte-Anne's smallness, infancy as a publicly funded institution and doubt-



DAVID NICHOLS

Runte: Demure but "incredibly peppy"

ful reputation mean that it's something less than a university. The doubtful reputation, however, is not entirely its own fault. The Acadian population of Nova Scotia is so small — 10% of the whole, and only half of them still speak French — and the anglo power structure of the province did so little for so long to help them preserve their distinctiveness that they're inclined toward cultural defeatism. They have fewer rights than their more powerful brethren in New Brunswick, where Acadians form a third of the population. They are less confident, less assertive, less vocal. When Acadian parents in Nova Scotia ask themselves, "Who'd want to send their kid to a place like Sainte-Anne?" they are also asking themselves if there's

any point, any longer, in trying to keep their children Acadian.

Some Acadians from Nova Scotia go to the Université de Moncton, where they get an education in French but discover little that relates to the Nova Scotian in them. ("The attitude there," Runte says, "is that there's nothing east of Moncton except the ocean.") What's far worse, however, in the eyes of those who want to preserve the remnants of the Acadian culture in Nova Scotia, is that some Acadian parents send their children to anglo universities. When the people who cared about Sainte-Anne's future talked about it, the word "credibility" came up a lot. It came up even more after Roseann Runte had gone to Church Point to let them size her up.

She knew that if some felt Sainte-Anne was less than a university, it was also something more than a university. It was part of the French Shore. The Louis R. Comeau Library, for instance, with 50,000 books and aiming for 100,000 soon, serves not only the university but villagers as well. It's named after an ex-MP (Tory) for the area, Sainte-Anne's first lay president; and it's only one example of the fact that, along the shore, Town (or towns) and Gown enjoy an intimate relationship. But more than that, Sainte-Anne has the potential to become a cultural catalyst for Acadians not only in Church Point, Grosses Coques, Comeauville, Saulnierville and Meteghan, but also in assorted pockets of the province where embers of Acadian identity still glow.

Institutions to make this happen are already on campus. Le Centre acadien, for instance, boasts a collection of artifacts, and documents about historical and current realities among Acadians everywhere. Sainte-Anne also has a resource centre to produce and distribute teaching material for francophone schools; and L'Institut de développement communautaire which, among other things, trains young Acadians in community development. In short, Sainte-Anne already has structures (not to mention a fair bit of federal funding) to enable it to revitalize the Acadian spirit in Nova Scotia. There remains, however, this awkward matter of credibility.

That's where Runte comes in. When Charles Gaudet decided to step down as president, some board members and faculty decided it was time Sainte-Anne got a president who was something other than a big cheese from the Shore. This was not an easy decision. Louis Comeau and Gaudet had served Sainte-Anne honorably. They weren't exactly folk heroes, but life is sufficiently tough on the



French Shore that successful businessmen get respect that verges on reverence. But that was no longer enough. Local businessmen had insufficient academic clout. To Sainte-Anne's credit, it now carried out a "search" for a president of a kind it had not had before.

"Some of the faculty were desperate to get someone with an academic background," John Godfrey, president of King's College, Halifax, said. "They consulted me, and I asked if this was going to be a proper search, or was it limited to Liberals, Conservatives, Acadians, or what?" It was a proper search, and after a while it dawned on him that Sainte-Anne could scarcely do better than to get Runte. She had started at Dalhousie University as a lecturer at 25, and in only eight years had become not only an associate professor and chief of the French department but also assistant dean of arts and science. Moreover, at 34, she became the first woman president of the Canadian Federation for the Humanities.

"They obviously needed someone with French," Godfrey said, "and it had to be someone with academic credentials, plus administrative experience. If, on top of that, it was someone with pizzazz, a high profile and the ability to carry the place through the Eighties, well, so much the better." Roseann Runte. Eureka! "Frankly, I thought it was a brilliant idea," Godfrey said cheerfully. "She's demure, soft-spoken, and not at all a strident feminist. She's got a romantic streak in her, too." He waved a copy of *Brumes Bleues (Blue Mists)*, a book of French poetry by Runte, dedicated to her husband, Hans Runte, "*mon amour, et mon meilleur ami*." But beneath her gentle manner, Godfrey continued, "there's granite. She's dynamic and incredibly peppy. She's a little toughie. I called her up to ask if she'd mind if I nominated her, and she said she'd be flattered." Thus began the process that would soon dislodge Godfrey, 40, from his distinctive place as the youngest university president in Canada.

If academics must publish or perish, Runte is not in danger. Her *curriculum vitae* lists 56 articles and papers that she's written on such matters as "La Fontaine: Precursor of the Libertines" and "From Tree to Tart: The Apple as a Symbolic Core of Eighteenth-Century Thought and Expression." Since her chairmanship of the Dalhousie French department began in 1980, enrolment has doubled in the graduate program and nearly doubled among undergraduates. Through an arrangement with the university at Aix-en-Provence, honors students may now take a year of their studies in France. Runte has rounded up grants to fatten the collection of French books in the Dalhousie library, organized a slew of Acadian events on campus, been co-host of a French radio show, and meanwhile carried a full teaching load.

Moreover, she has entrepreneurial flair. To promote a scholarship fund, she

wrote to every French major who'd graduated from Dalhousie since 1948, and also helped inspire students and faculty to concoct and sell a cookbook, Christmas-carol book and T-shirts that declared "*Franc o fun*" and "*C'est l'fun*." But a few Dalhousie faculty look skeptically upon this flurry of noticeable promotion. T-shirts and cookbooks aren't *serious*, and if Runte isn't exactly too good to be true she's too "high-profile" to escape a little back-biting. That's campus politics for you.

Speaking generally, Brian Flemming — the Halifax lawyer who ran federally for the Liberals, worked in Trudeau's office, and served as acting chairman of the Canada Council — says anyone who survives cultural or university politics would find conventional politics a cinch. Runte is politically cagey. Asked what plans she has to improve Sainte-Anne, she won't answer. Talking about what should be done might suggest Gaudet had failed to do them, and he's still president. She smiles sweetly and confidently, and says, "Ask me next July. I can't wait till July 1."

"She's very, very astute politically," Godfrey says. "You know one of the other candidates on the short list actually asked by mail where the place was. That was rather miffing and rubbed people the wrong way. But she did her

### ***"Few university presidents have started their jobs with such overwhelming support"***

homework. She figured out who was who at Sainte-Anne, and when she went there she got along very well with just about everyone."


By January, the selection committee had chosen Runte, but then things got tricky. The committee expected the locally dominated board of directors to endorse its choice, but certain local candidates were annoyed by their failure to make the short list. Worse, a rumor swept the campus that Gaudet was having second thoughts about stepping down. When the board postponed the crucial meeting for one week, Runte supporters feared some directors might be hatching a plot, perhaps even a new search, to scupper her chances. The faculty called a one-day strike, which they billed as a "study session." What they were mostly studying was Runte's candidacy. "They endorsed her to the tune of 80%," Godfrey said. "Joe Clark should be so lucky. The students were 100% for her."

The board met on Saturday, Jan. 24. Outside, students marched around with signs to declare their support for Runte. Inside, the decision apparently came fast. Robert Belliveau, chairman of the board, announced the directors had

chosen her in a near-unanimous vote. "I am very honored the Acadians in the region have given me the chance to work with them," she said diplomatically. "I hope very soon to add that I will be coming to St. Marys Bay to do my best for the university, for the Acadians, and for the French language." Few university presidents have started their jobs with such overwhelming support. She has the official backing of the board, and the unofficial backing of both students and faculty. Not only that, even the Federation Acadienne de la Nouvelle Ecosse is reasonably happy with the appointment.

"There are two sides to it," Denise Samson of the Federation said. "We were a bit disappointed the board didn't try harder to find an Acadian. We feel there must be an Acadian competent to do the job, but this does not tarnish our regard for her. We know she has a sincere interest in Acadian culture." Michelle Roy, a New Brunswick Acadian who now works for the Nova Scotian organization said that, if there was a problem at all with Runte's appointment, it lay in the fact that many Acadians "suffer from a congenital lack of confidence and tend to put English-speaking people of Runte's calibre on a high pedestal." Nevertheless, the Federation felt Runte would indeed give Sainte-Anne the "credibility" it needs to attract students. "We know, too," Samson added, "that her husband is deeply interested in Acadian literature."

Hans Runte teaches it in his wife's department. "Everybody teaches some first- and second-year courses," Roseann Runte says, "but Hans also teaches simultaneous translation, research methods, medieval literature and Acadian literature. He's very versatile." He's a slender, courteous, boyish-looking man. They live with two fluffy cats in a small, round, cedar cabin at the water's edge in Sambro Head, a 30-minute drive from Dalhousie. The spot has a spectacular view of Sambro harbor, which the Runtés explore in a 17-foot sloop. Come next July, they'll see each other mostly on weekends.

Roseann Runte's academic passion is French writing of the 17th and 18th centuries, which is happily appropriate. For it was during those very centuries that French power peaked in North America, Fortress Louisbourg arose, and the Acadians enjoyed their long, golden age in the Annapolis Valley, and left, and came back again. During her summer sojourns in Paris, she studies the writings of agents that France sent out to report on colonial settlements and, among other assignments, spy on British trade out of Boston. "There was a lot of intrigue," she says. "I've been working on somebody who sailed right past here." She indicates the open sea beyond Sambro harbor. The same man later sailed by St. Marys Bay, perhaps within sight of the shore where Sainte-Anne stands now. That fellow must have had an adventurous streak in him. Runte would understand. She's got it, too. 



## The Vaives are hockey's golden pair (but only when the Leafs are hot)

*In their early 20s,  
Charlottetown's Rick and  
Joyce Vaive already know  
enough about fame to make the  
most of it — while it lasts*

*By John Doig*

**R**ick Vaive, in jeans and T-shirt, is sprawled on the sofa in his den in suburban Toronto, a veritable cliché of relaxation — except that his right thumb is flicking the buttons on the TV channel selector, *click, click*, incessantly, as though sitting still drives him crazy. You get the feeling, too, that he's uncomfortable with the interview, and all these questions about his boyhood and his love life. He is, after all, the captain of the Toronto Maple Leafs, a certified celebrity, and his time is precious. When he calls out to his wife, Joyce, moving about upstairs, to "start the tub," it seems like a pointed signal that the interview is over. But that's not what he intended, as he quickly explains. The tub will take at least half an hour to prepare — it's a huge Jacuzzi.

The den is filled with artifacts of an existence devoted to sport: Mounted hockey pucks, Ken Danby prints of athletes in action. In the past few minutes, Vaive has been talking about the pleasures of the simple life back home in Prince Edward Island. Now the Jacuzzi ritual, with its overtones of hedonism. Sweat and sophistication. What is real, and what is a contrived effort to fulfil the larger-than-life image the public makes for its sports heroes.

The Vaives are only in their early 20s, but they've been subjected to the degree of attention that's foisted on seasoned celebrities, and they already know how fickle that can be. When he's breaking scoring records and leading his team to victory, the newspaper stories are unqualified tributes to his youth and aggressiveness. When he's not scoring, the stories talk about his former reputation as a "bad liver" — almost as though he were a tired hack who misspent his youth — and the aggressiveness,



Joyce and Rick Vaive: She's a former Miss P.E.I.

suddenly, is "lack of discipline." Even the gossipy pieces about the Vaives' private life have this capricious quality. When the Leafs are doing well, the journalists write about backyard barbecues and the like. When the team is struggling, the stories are apt to draw attention to debris in the Vaives' swimming pool.

All this, of course, is normal in the abnormal conventions of professional sport. But the Vaives are especially fascinating to celebrity-watchers — and the couples' image is especially distorted — because they seem so glamorous. They look like cardboard cutouts of the All-Canadian couple. He, the youngest captain in the history of the Maple Leafs, is strikingly good-looking — a touch of Charles Bronson about the eyes and jawline providing just about the right amount of rugged masculinity. She, the

blonde cheerleader type, wholesomely pretty, is a former Miss Prince Edward Island who talks about their existence and their future with refreshing candor. Even their backgrounds are made-to-measure for the publicity flyers.

They met at high school, in Grade 10 at Colonel Gray in Charlottetown, in 1974, when he was 15 and she just a few months younger. "The very first day, he was aware of me and I was aware of him," she recalls. "We started going out that year." All they had in common was their driving competitiveness.

He was born in Ottawa on May 14, 1959, the second of four children. His father, Claude, a French-Canadian, was a steelworker until he broke both his legs in an accident. When Rick was 11, the family moved to Charlottetown, home town of his mother, Mary, and Claude Vaive started a house painting business.





The Vaives at home: They fascinate the celebrity-watchers

Rick still regards the place as home: "I had my big growing up years there."

While he was growing up, hockey was the most important thing in his life. Claude Vaive indulged his three sons' enthusiasm for the sport. "He always bought us the best equipment," Rick remembers, "even though he probably couldn't really afford it." Rick was a bright student, intellectually equipped for any number of careers. But when he thought of the future he thought only of hockey. That did not impress Joyce Stewart. In fact, it dismayed her.

She was born in Charlottetown on July 22, 1959, the third of Harold and Beryl Stewart's four children. Harold Stewart is a doctor in his 38th year of practice, and Joyce grew up in the comfortable, upper-middle

class atmosphere of Charlottetown's North River Road. She was very close to her older brother, Robert, and felt shattered when he left home at age 16 to play junior hockey with the Oshawa Generals. She decided early in his career that he was being exploited by the sport and developed a distaste for hockey so strong that, years later, she would refuse to watch even university games.

But when it came to her own sporting activity, her interest was consuming. She did all the right things expected of a well-bred young lady — swam and figure skated, became an accomplished pianist by the age of 13, sang in the United Church, taught Sunday school, won trophies in Highland dancing contests. But competitive sports were her passion — track and field, cross-country running, volleyball and, especially, basketball. "Sports," she philosophizes today, "is, I think, the number one thing in making you learn what life's all about, the winning, the losing, the hardships. . . ." She's proud of the fact that she was the "first native-born Prince Edward Islander ever to make the Canadian junior women's basketball team [in 1976]." And she's proud of being at odds with the famous collegiate philosophy of playing the game. "I enjoyed winning. Not taking part. *Winning?*" She didn't have much time for boys. "People would look at me and say, 'She's competitive, dominant, aggressive.' Boys are kind of scared of that, I guess."

Rick Vaive wasn't scared, but she quickly made him aware that she regarded him as no more than an equal,



One day, Joyce says, "Rick will be a nobody. For now, all we can do is enjoy it"



## COVER STORY

and that didn't bother him. Caught up as he was in the hockey dream, as a teenager he demonstrated remarkably level-headed judgment. When he was 17, he had a chance to play junior hockey in Toronto, but coolly reasoned that his boyhood hadn't equipped him adequately to cope with life in a metropolis. He opted instead for Sherbrooke, Que., a much more manageable place, and a good training ground for his next stop, Birmingham, Ala., with the Bulls.

**H**is departure, in September, 1978, marked the end of his "normal teenage romance" with Joyce and the beginning of what was mostly a long-distance relationship. He was barely back home for the following summer when she started on her beauty contest circuit — becoming Miss Charlottetown, then Miss P.E.I., then, at the national finals in Toronto, Miss Friendship. In the fall of that year she went off, with a scholarship, to university in Brandon, Man., and he moved to Vancouver and the Canucks. She was still set against the idea of being a hockey wife, and the relationship might have ended then. But he courted her, assiduously, every day, on the telephone. "I pretended to be so cool about it all," she says, "but I loved every minute of it."

Meanwhile, in Vancouver, he was acquiring the Bad Boy reputation that comes back to haunt him, like a sour smell on a shifting wind, whenever he's having difficulties on the ice. For most of his four, unhappy months in Vancouver, he sat in the press box, exiled by Canucks coach Harry Neale. The gossip was that Vaive was spending too many hours in too many bars. It still rankles: "I got to know a guy in Vancouver who owned a restaurant and bar. We became good friends and spent a lot of time together. I like beer. If I sit down and have two, four, five beer, that's no problem. I'm no angel, but I'm no alcoholic either."

In retrospect, Vaive's trade to the Maple Leafs, in February, 1980, looms as a major stroke of good fortune in his life — on and off the ice. The Leafs summoned him to play a central role in rebuilding a tired old team; the new emphasis was on youth, and he was its delinquent — a symbol for the fans of revitalization, a gamble by the team owners on young courage



A quiet stroll with their dog, Assenta

and ambition. The symbolism was rich; Vaive and his equally fresh-cheeked line mate, Bill Derlago, were traded for two of the game's well-worn veterans, Tiger Williams and Jerry Butler. Meanwhile, Joyce was heading for the University of Toronto, to work on her bachelor of education degree. The timing couldn't have been better. In his profession, Vaive needed challenge; in his personal life, he needed a steadying influence.

The Leafs used Vaive in the little time that remained in the 1979-80 season in Toronto, and he responded with seven goals. The next season, he scored 33. In June, 1981, he and Joyce were married, and the following winter, Rick demolished a Leafs scoring record that had stood since 1961, when the Big M, Frank Mahovlich, scored 48 goals. By the time the season ended last year, Rick Vaive's

tally was a glorious 54. And in January, he had become team captain.

In the first half of the 1982-83 season, the Leafs were wallowing at the bottom of the division tables, absolutely the worst team in hockey. Rick Vaive was making the sports page headlines for losing his temper and taking penalties instead of scoring goals. He was, the stories snidely suggested, a used-up flash in the pan, a has-been at 23, a "bad liver" meeting the inevitable consequences. He protested that he was shooting the puck as hard and as straight as ever and that, somehow, it just wasn't going in. But it wasn't until mid-February, with his score at 37 and the Leafs in a battle for the playoffs, that the newspaper coverage got friendly again. It had become positively ecstatic by the end of the month, when the count stood at 43 and his play in vital matches was giving the Leafs wins over even better teams.

Now, on the couch in the den, Rick Vaive is being as philosophical as his nature allows about all this. "I'm not a star," he says. "I'm a 35-goal winger. I reckon I'm good till about 30, and I'll give it all I've got till then." There's a maturity in his remarks that has been lacking in all the sports stories about him. And Joyce, in a yellow track suit, strokes their pet German Shepherd, Assenta, and sums up the Vaives' point of view in a way that makes commendable common sense.

She has finally come to terms with hockey and with the fact that her brother had to retire because of injuries two years ago, while still a young man. She has her career, teaching school, her recreation, playing with a women's basketball team, and her project, masterminding the renovation of the rambling house in the quiet, middle-class neighborhood of Don Mills. She watches hockey games on television now and socializes with the hockey wives. She also cultivates friends from the Maritimes. When it's all over, she says, they'll have to learn a new life. They hope it will be somewhere in the Maritimes. "Let's face it," she says. "One day Rick Vaive will be a nobody, man. For now, all we can do is enjoy it and get what we can out of it."

Like the Jacuzzi upstairs. It is, after all, a simple, innocent, pleasure. ☒



No holds barred. Rangers Baker (left) and Maloney team up to keep Vaive from puck



# Invasion of the cleaning ladies

A little navy-blue car, a French maid's hat embellished in pink on the door, pulls up in front of a house in Fredericton, N.B. The two young women in the car, wearing blue uniforms trimmed with ruffled, white lace, are members of a modern army of maids who've recently invaded the Atlantic region: They're from a spiffy, new, nationwide housecleaning service called Molly Maid Home Care Services.

The service was started in Mississauga, Ont., in 1978 by Adrienne Stringer, a part-time nurse who was having trouble finding someone to clean her house. Carole Brown, part owner and manager of the Fredericton franchise, started in June, 1982, with a cleaning team of two and 18 customers. Business grew so rapidly that by August she had her fourth team on the road and has since added a fifth. Meanwhile, the number of franchises across the country (including, ones in Halifax, Moncton and Saint John) has grown to more than 50.

It is clearly a business of the times. Customers include bachelors, newly divorced or separated folk and working couples. Kathleen Hawkins, for example, is a full-time secretary for her husband, a lumber wholesaler. The Hawkinses work from an office in the basement of their home at Keswick Ridge, N.B., and Kathleen says it "gives me a boost" to walk upstairs and find that the Molly Maids have left the place spic and span. She pays \$38 to have the 2,600-square-foot, four-bedroom home cleaned every second week. She formerly paid \$30 to a woman to clean her house, but the arrangement wasn't satisfactory because the woman couldn't be relied upon to show up regularly.

Each Molly Maid team consists of a head maid and a helper. Their standard service is a complete dusting and vacuuming, scrubbing and waxing the floors, polishing the furniture, sanitizing the bathroom and cleaning the kitchen,

including washing the tops and fronts of all cabinets and appliances. For an average three-bedroom bungalow with a finished basement, the charge is \$35 for a cleaning every two weeks. The maids will also do extra chores, such as cleaning ovens or inside refrigerators, for additional fees. When they leave, taking their mops, vacuum cleaners and materials with them (they supply everything but floor wax and furniture polish), the women leave a first-time client a pastel calling card: "We're just tickled pink to have you as a customer."

The Molly Maid business is a polished, well-merchandised product that,

desk, Brown zips around the Fredericton area doing free estimates for would-be clients. In one memorable week she did 36 estimates — a company record. "I enjoy meeting people," she explains, "so many different types."

Brown, who has a business partner, looks after training the maids, too. It takes at least four days after which they are "closely supervised." The maids are paid by commission; 30% of their sales for a head maid, 23% for her helper. An average cleaning job takes about two hours, which means that, for a five-day week, each team looks after 20 customers. A head maid earns about \$210 a

week. For head maid Helena Barr, 30, who previously did housework on her own, working for Molly Maid has been just the ticket because "I don't have to go out and look for those customers." She especially likes working with a partner. "You always have company," she says.

For customers such as E. R. MacDonald, 62, a widower who conducts French classes in his living room six mornings and several evenings a week, having Molly Maid has been a "tremendous help. I wonder how I managed without it." Even his students are impressed, he says,

adding, "If only everyone was as businesslike and dependable."

In fact, the zenith in dedication may have been achieved by the Fredericton franchise early in its existence when a maid team, showing up to clean a home and finding the door locked, crawled in through a bathroom window. Only when they were well along with the job, and went looking for the second bathroom specified in their work sheet, did they suddenly realize they were in the wrong house. The pair beat such a hasty exit that they left behind a bag of rags and a whisk broom. Police, summoned by the incredulous homeowners, commented: "The least they could have done was finish up." Usually Molly Maid does.

— David Folster and Lorraine Lovett



Carole Brown manages five teams of maids in Fredericton

across Canada, has grown from sales of \$140,000 in the first year to about \$5 million last year. Stringer had already built it into a successful enterprise on her own when, in 1980, she attracted a business partner, entrepreneur James MacKenzie, who added \$100,000 in investment capital and helped launch the firm into franchising. Another sign of success is the cost of a franchise which, on Jan. 1, 1983, jumped from \$6,000 to \$8,000.

The head office says the Fredericton franchise has grown especially fast. Much of its success can be attributed to franchise manager Brown, an energetic mother of two teenage boys who also manages to take university courses while she runs the business. Operating from her home, with her kitchen table as her



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## SMALL TOWNS



PHOTOS BY MIKE SAUNDERS

Broadway, with its tree-lined boulevard, used to be a parade ground

### Grand Falls, N.B.

*This bustling town boasts of bicultural harmony, healthy local industry and — good grief — a surplus in the municipal kitty. Best of all, folks here know how to have a rip-roaring good time*

By David Folster  
Research by Marilee Little

**O**n moonlit nights, according to local legend, you can see the ghost of a young woman rising in the mist above the roaring cataract at Grand Falls, N.B. People say it's the ghost of a Maliseet Indian maiden named Malabeam, who was captured by a band of Mohawks from Upper Canada and told to lead them to her people's camp. Instead, she deliberately guided the raiders over the falls to their deaths, killing herself in the process.

No one's sure if Malabeam still hangs around the falls. But a special aura of *some* sort seems to hover over this town of 7,000, located in the potato country of the upper Saint John River Valley, 63 km southeast of Edmundston. Grand Falls is a bustling little boomtown, its thriving main street, Broadway, seemingly insulated from the economic malaise that has boarded up storefronts in many other communities, its white-washed residential areas exuding confidence and pride.

How has this happened? After all, Grand Falls sits in a beautiful, but quiet, section of northwestern New Brunswick that is often overlooked. The Trans-Canada Highway skirts the town, and the provincial news media pay it relatively little attention. Yet here it is, a town with — count 'em — 40 separate manufacturing industries, most of them home-grown, and a municipal administration that ended the past fiscal year with a \$712 surplus. When you ask him why everyone seems to be driving a new car, town treasurer Joe Côté replies jokingly: "We put so much salt on the roads, the cars don't last very long."

The tradition of success was bred into Grand Falls long ago. It began as a military post established in 1791 by New Brunswick Governor Sir Thomas Carleton. Later, a river courier, Isaac Michaud, brought the first family there, but the community didn't really begin to grow until 1830, when Sir John Caldwell came from Quebec and started a sawmill beside the falls. Later, as a succession of grist, carding and lumber mills followed,

more people moved in. Québécois came down the river; Irish refugees from the potato famine, English and Acadians came up it. Initially, the population of Grand Falls was 85% English; today it is predominantly French. But despite some recent disruptions, bilingual harmony has survived. Says Margaret Marceau, co-ordinator of the local museum: "It's hard to separate Grand Falls people unless you use a meat knife."

Marceau's family typifies both the bicultural nature of the town and its collective zest for life. She is an anglophone; her husband, Patrice, is French-Canadian, and they have 10 children, five of them adopted. Understandably, there are few quiet moments around the Marceau household. The place is cluttered, the TV blares and the telephone rings incessantly as children of all ages come and go. In one corner, guinea pigs scratch in their box. A crippled hawk the family rescued last fall scrambles to escape the cats. Margaret, smiling as she sips tea at her kitchen table, says of her household: "I never thought that it wouldn't work." Children, she declares, "are definitely an acquired taste. They get better as they go along."

While Pat is away during the week (he's a forester with J. D. Irving), Margaret, a former Beaverbrook scholar who holds a master's degree in geography from the University of London, busies herself with museum work, including answering requests from all



## SMALL TOWNS

over the world to trace people's genealogies ("It's tremendous fun"), and writing a newspaper column, "Grand Falls Past and Present," for the local *Cataract Weekly*. The column is among the best of its kind in the country and in 1978 it won the author a Heritage Canada Communications Award "for promoting in an outstanding manner the value of Canada's heritage and the need to preserve it."

Grand Falls and its surrounding area are rich in historical lore. The nearby community of New Denmark was founded in 1872 by a heartbroken band of 29 Danish immigrants who had been deceived into thinking they were coming to a rich and fertile plain. Instead, they were plopped down on a rocky mountaintop completely covered by trees. Despite immense hardship and deprivation, the rugged Danes survived, and today New Denmark is one of the best-looking farm areas in the east.

Immediately north of Grand Falls (in fact part of the town lies within it) is another fabled area, the Republic of Madawaska, a French-speaking county famous for the independence of its people. One of the artifacts in the Grand Falls Museum is a photograph of Paul Bunyan and his ox, Babe. Madawaskans insist the legendary lumberman originally came from their turf.

Newcomers occasionally add to this cultural diversity. James Wong and his wife, Yim, an exceptionally beautiful woman in her 30s, left Hong Kong in 1972 and lived in Ottawa and Carleton Place, N.B., before falling in love with Grand Falls as they travelled through the town. Now they operate the Chinese Village restaurant and, despite being the only Chinese family in town, have settled in comfortably. "It's a really nice town with friendly people. We feel we belong." Another non-native is Jerry Slatkin, a Pole who spent four years in Auschwitz during the war. He runs Jerry's Shoe Shop on Broadway, and his wife, Huguette, who is from Grand Falls, has the Beauty Institute at the back. Their shops are busy, and they find life in Grand Falls happy and comfortable. But then, says Jerry, "After you survive a war, everything is good."

One of the things that appeals to newcomers is Broadway, an unusually wide main business street with a grassy and tree-lined boulevard in the centre. The width is a legacy from the street's days as a military parade ground for the British garrison, but the boulevard makes the street look as if it were plucked from a small town south of Paris. One shop, the Broadway Bakery, does have a French connection: Its proprietors, Marcelle Leclerc and François Migliore, met while Marcelle, a Grand Falls girl, was taking a cooking course at Le Cordon Bleu in Paris. Married

2 1/2 years, they opened their bakeshop last July and sell quiche, French bread, croissants and a different cream soup every day. They wanted to start a restaurant but feared there wouldn't be enough customers for their French cuisine. Although "there are a lot of rich people here," according to Marcelle, "French women are used to doing their own cooking and being frugal."

The Gallic spirit has done wonders for another shop. "People here give a lot of flowers," says Murielle Ouellette, owner of Noella Fleuriste. The reason? Frenchmen are more romantic than Englishmen. The anglos will give flowers only on special occasions, Murielle observes, but a French male's typical response to the standard flower shop question, "What card do you want?" will likely be: "No occasion!"

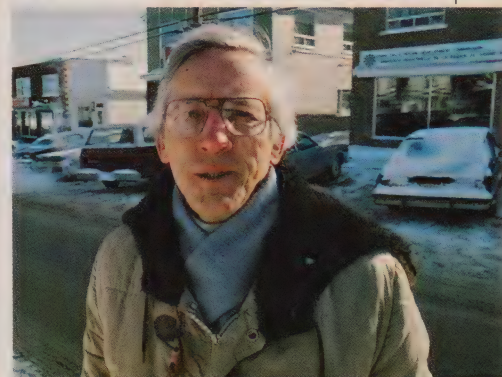
If all this suggests that a certain *joie de vivre* is abroad in Grand Falls, it's true. The town has lots of discos, bars and clubs; its young adults are stylish and smartly dressed, and its francophone residents are specially noted for their ability to have a spontaneous good time. Murielle Ouellette tells about the English boyfriend her mother once had whose summary comment on the experience was: "Party, party, party, all the time."

Nor does the pace slow with age. At the Golden Age Club in Centennial Park, the most popular activity is the weekly Saturday-night dance. The club has nearly 500 members, and sometimes as many as half of them show up to dance to the music of George Bernier, who's been playing in the area for 45 years and has "the best old-time band in New Brunswick," according to Gordon Hitchcock, 72. To accommodate the overflow, this summer the club will build a 2,500-square-foot addition to its bright and pleasant premises.

Grand Falls has always equipped itself well. In the early Fifties, it became the first community in New Brunswick to install lights for night baseball, and each summer for several years, contingents of 15 or so American ballplayers and coaches were imported to wear the colors of the Grand Falls Cataracts. The team played in a fast Northern Maine-New Brunswick League, and on some nights the bleacher crowds seemed bigger than the population (then about 3,000). Television killed the baseball, but

the town's sporting tradition lives on. "The biggest problem here," says parks and leisure services director Charlie McCluskey, 42, "is to get people into things. It isn't because they aren't interested but because they're already involved in so many other things." McCluskey, whose great-grandfather was the town's first mayor, says the place is so busy that its big need now is a multi-purpose community centre. "There are 110 different interest groups that would like to be in the centre if we had one."

The healthy local economy which supports all this activity is founded on a combination of agriculture — specifically potatoes — and industry. The rolling potato fields surrounding the town



Voters say Carroll's their leprechaun



The Golden Age Club: The Saturday-night dances are popular

have given rise to businesses such as F. W. Pirie Co. Ltd., exporters of seed spuds to several parts of the world. Other companies produce farm machinery, potato bags and barrels. The area's biggest industry, with sprawling facilities just upriver from the town, is McCain Foods Ltd., which produces french-fries, pizza, green crops and fertilizer and has 500 to 700 regular employees, and up to 1,300 at peak times. In March, McCain opened a new plant for making frozen orange juice, with jobs for an additional 45 to 50 people. Other industries in the



town produce shirts, beachwear, seed grain and industrial Teflon. The key, according to the town's industrial commissioner, Clarence Surette, is the local work force. "The work ethic is tremendously strong here," he says, "as is an entrepreneurial spirit."

Surette came to Grand Falls in 1971 as manager of the local Bank of Montreal, then stayed on when the industrial commission was set up in 1975. Although the recession has closed some businesses, he says the town's diversified industrial base has spared it the crunching blows that have hit other communities. "We don't depend on one thing. There isn't a great deal of money in a few hands." Although wages aren't large, people tend to be comfortable and self-sufficient "because no one big business ever took care of them" as in a pulp-mill town.

The homes of Grand Falls are a point of pride among its residents. Surette's wife, Doris, sells real estate (which isn't exactly a booming market because the population is so stable), and she says people invest a lot in their houses because "it's very important for them to have a

kids attended the same schools in Grand Falls and got along rather well. But the rising tide of Acadian nationalism in New Brunswick brought with it the fear among some francophones that in any school system that put the two linguistic groups together under one roof, English would inevitably predominate. Fearing the ultimate loss of their language and culture, Acadian groups began demanding separate schools and school boards. Two years ago, after serious upsets in several communities, the provincial government made such a plan official policy. So French and English students go to different schools now, and in Grand Falls, people are still licking their wounds. One continuing complaint from English parents is that the quality of French instruction for their youngsters has deteriorated.

When you hear people in town using words like "those damned Acadians" you're startled: After all, the speakers, as often is not, are themselves francophones. What you must realize is that these independent-minded folk of northwestern New Brunswick really don't consider themselves part of the Acadian movement. Viewing the separation of the schools from within her bilingual family, Margaret Marceau says: "I'm still mad as a hornet. We've never before had any polarization of the people here."

The proximity of the American border (it's just a few miles away) may have given Grand Falls a broader perspective on language. Townspeople regularly travel to Maine towns like Caribou and Presque Isle for shopping and entertainment. Some people fear that the language issue may have dampened the town's spirit of co-operation. So far, that doesn't seem to have happened. This summer, the museum, which had been located in the basement of the fire hall, will move to new quarters in the town's fine, old, red-brick Masonic Hall, as will the library. The Rotary Club renovated the building for \$20,000. And the Masons, who are down to about six members will oblige by moving to an upper floor.

Mayor Carroll predicts an even brighter future for the town when a new, multimillion-dollar tourist development is completed at the falls and along the more than a mile of spectacular rocky gorge below it. "We're going to be the biggest attraction east of Niagara Falls," he boasts. There are plans for trails, walkways, restaurants and observation decks. This winter, a reception centre was being built on the bank near the very brink of the falls. Its 2,000 square feet of glass front will give visitors a splendid view of the 80-foot waterfall, which the Maliseets called "chicanakapeag" or "destroying giant." And perhaps, on moonlit nights, a glimpse of the ghost of Malabeam. ☒



Marceau and five of her 10 kids

fine home. It's almost like a showpiece." Where does the money come from? Two-income families are part of the answer. Old-fashioned frugality, Clarence Surette says, is another. "Families simply do more with their money here."

Mayor Gerald Carroll and his eight-member council apparently run a similarly tight ship in the municipal administration. How else does one explain a busy main street with vintage angle parking — and no parking meters? Carroll, 47, is a bright, impish-looking man some constituents call their leprechaun, an appropriate name for someone whose great grandfather came from Ireland. Carroll and treasurer Joe Côté are proud of how they administer the town's finances. "Joe keeps an eye on spending," the mayor says, "and when it gets up too high, we just tell the departments they have to cut back."

It sounds utopian. But there is occasionally trouble in paradise. In recent years, it's occurred in the district school system. For years, English and French

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## Can a former 85-pound weakling become Mr. Universe?

*Jean Leblanc of Dieppe, N.B., thinks so. He's a five-foot-three muscleman who's already been Mr. Canada three times*

**I**t's four in the morning, and the slumbering subdivision in Dieppe, N.B., lies hushed in darkness. The houses along L'Avant-Garde Street are silent, their windows as blank as closed eyes.

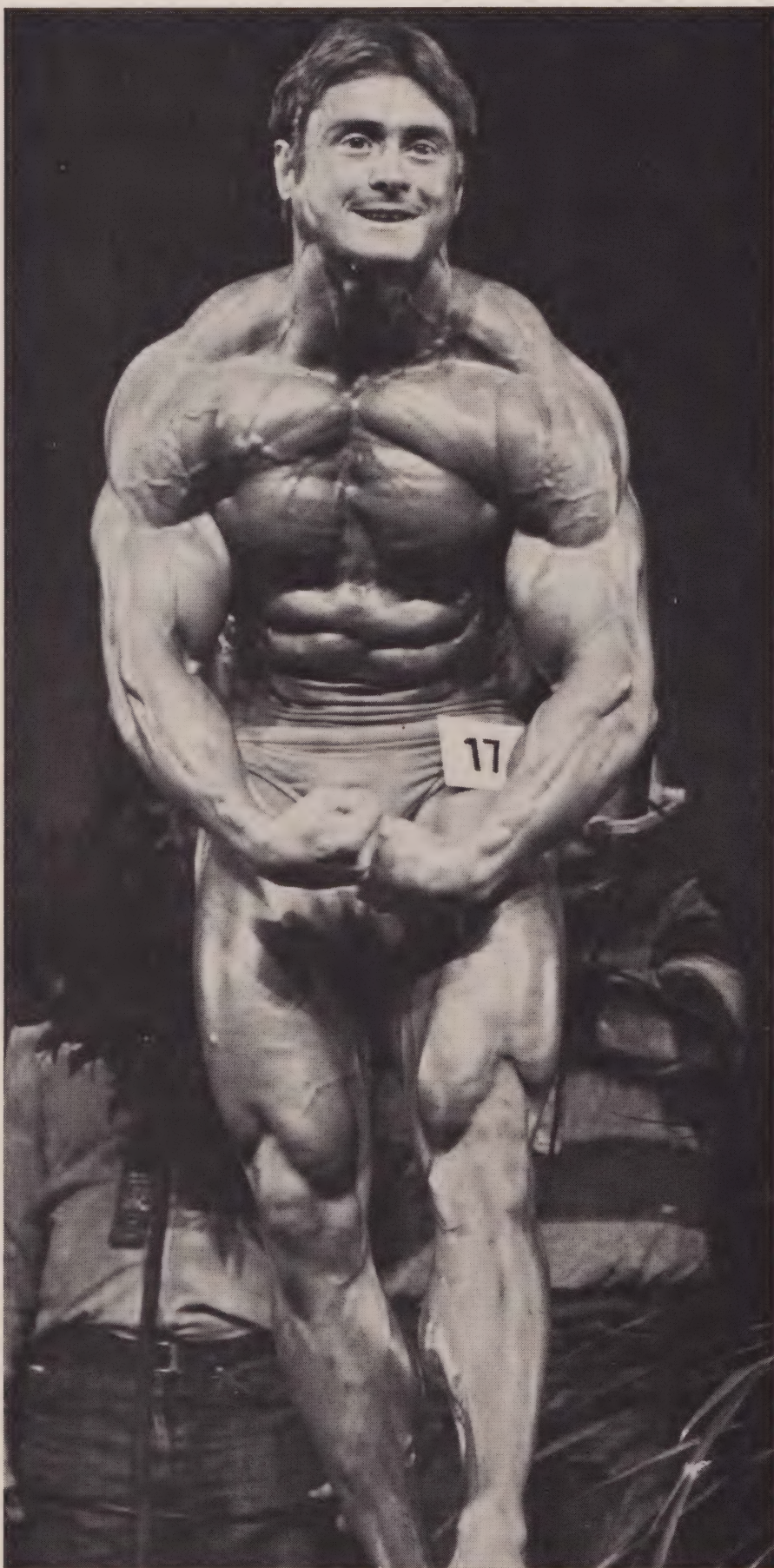
Except for one. In the house with the red trim, there are lights on in the basement, and the sound of a radio trickles out into the street. At this smallest of the small hours, Jean Leblanc is training to become Mr. Universe. He has already come second for the title, in what some say was an unfairly judged contest in Belgium last October. Next time, he would like to come first.

Jean Leblanc, five-foot-three and 154 pounds, is a 29-year-old recreation instructor at Dorchester Penitentiary. He began lifting weights 13 years ago, a textbook case of the 95-pound weakling. Except that he was only 85 pounds. "I began training to put on some weight," he remembers, "so I could at least put on small men's clothing."

His build today is the epitome of what magazines like *Muscle Mag International* and *Muscle Digest* like to call the "Mr.-type" physique. He has been Mr. Canada three times.

It's easy enough to scoff at the sport of bodybuilding. Some people regard bodybuilders as grotesque, bulging parodies of human fitness. But do not laugh at Jean Leblanc.

For one thing, unless you have the build of a Halifax longshoreman yourself, he could probably take you apart for breakfast. For another, you have to respect the discipline and devotion he



GARRY BARTLETT



## SPORTS

brings to excelling. "I rise at quarter to four in the morning, and train until about six," he says. "In the morning I train body parts, say the chest, for example. I begin with inclined bench press, let's say four sets of that. Then I'll do inclined dumb-bell press, four sets of that. Then I'll do four sets of 'flies.' After that I'll do four sets of 'dips.' Then I'll finish off with four sets of 'pullovers.'"

He does more exercises for a couple of hours every evening. The routine varies according to the body part: Squats for leg development, T-bar rowing for

the back. The equipment for the exercises, hung with 25- and 50-pound weights, looks like a modern equivalent of the old torturer's rack. And sometimes its use comes near to torture: Jean has been known to train on some exercises until a blood vessel bursts in his nose.

And that, he says, is only 25% of his training. "In bodybuilding, 75% of the work is diet. I couldn't even drink the wine at my own wedding!" Nor could he eat the roast beef served at a banquet held recently in his honor. His usual menu is low in calories, high in protein and heavy on supplements. He opens a

cupboard in the kitchen to reveal shelves of brown vitamin bottles. A Dixie cup contains a score of tablets — amino acids, B-complex vitamins, alfalfa extract. "I take seven of those cupfuls a day," he says.

Most of the supplements are intended merely to improve digestion and build muscle while eliminating fat, to achieve the desired degree of muscle "definition." But in a contest, he will take others to distend his veins, achieving a look demanded by bodybuilding judges. "You can't stay in contest shape year-round," he says. "It's even hard to stay in contest shape for a week. The last week of training you want to die."

All the training, the discipline, the

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Nova Scotia



## Department of Development

Honourable R. J. Thornhill, Minister

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*"In bodybuilding, 75%  
of the work is diet.  
I couldn't even drink  
the wine at my  
own wedding"*

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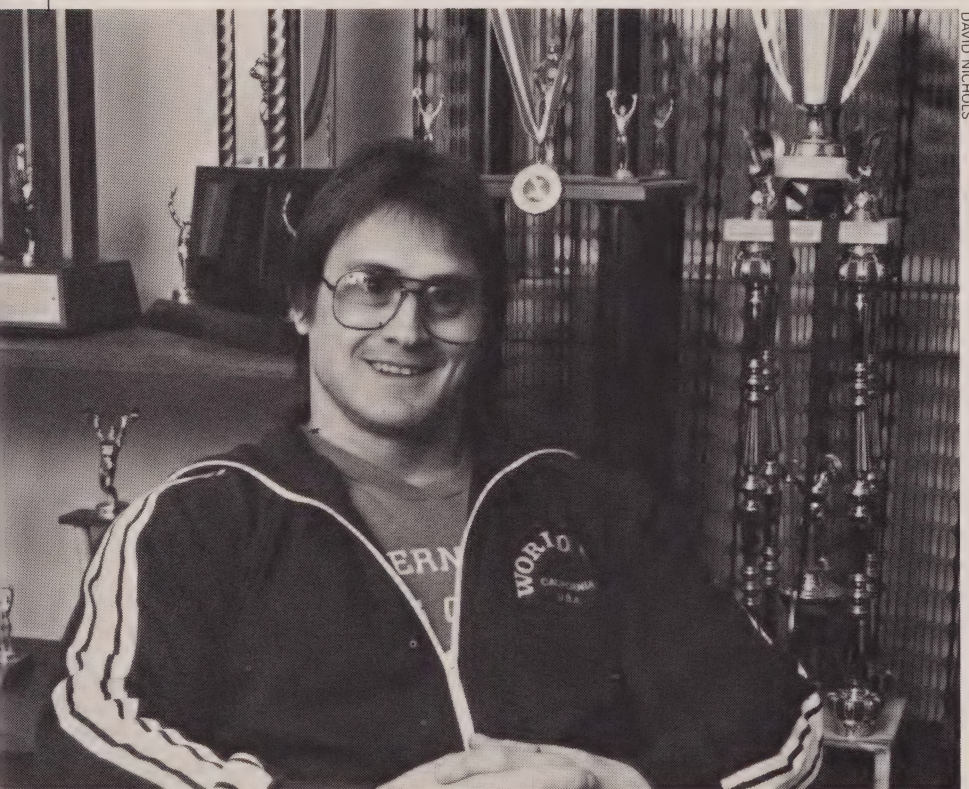
self-denial come into focus only in the contest, in a posing routine that lasts barely a minute. "What a trained eye would see in Jean," says Gary Bartlett, a Fredericton bodybuilder who writes for several of the sport's magazines, "is his tremendous musculature development for the small frame. He has small joints, which creates the illusion [his muscles] are even larger. He's got everything balanced, good definition."

Away from the contest stage, a casual and untrained eye is more inclined to notice the broad shoulders, the narrow waist and the slight bounce to the athletic gait. They are the kind of rewards that probably account for bodybuilding's growing popularity.

"A few years ago, one could only find four or five gyms in New Brunswick," says Len Collette, president of the New Brunswick Body Building Association. "Now there are over 25." In 1979, he cancelled the provincial championships when only six contestants signed up. This month, Collette expects more than 50 competitors to attend the "Mr. Atlantic" regional championship in Charlottetown.

And far more people, Collette says, are bodybuilding not for competition, but to get in shape. For them, Garry Bartlett adds, training "won't make you look like Jean Leblanc. It will make you look better in your suit or whatever." In a growing number of cases, "whatever" may be a bikini: Women are discovering bodybuilding, with results that only the dead could fail to appreciate.





DAVID NICHOLS

At home with his trophies: He starts training at 4 a.m. every day

For Jean Leblanc, bodybuilding's growing popularity is a secondary satisfaction, and its running battle with detractors who refuse to consider it a sport is irrelevant. He's too busy training for exhibition dates, including one this month in Florida, and for his next stab at the Mr. Universe title.

He won't attend this year's contest, to be held in Singapore; he believes the 20-hour plane trip would take the edge

off his condition. But the 1984 Mr. Universe competition is scheduled for Las Vegas. Jean Leblanc would like to be there. And this time, he would like to come first.

That's why, on this crisp spring morning, he is up at 4 a.m., doing his first set of bench presses of the day while everyone else on L'Avant Garde Street sleeps.

—Chris Wood

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# CALENDAR

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a different reason  
for being in  
Cape Breton*

- |                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| <i>June 12</i>          | Lobster Dinner (Creignish)                                  |
| <i>June 29-July 3</i>   | Mabou Ceilidh (Mabou)                                       |
| <i>June 30-July 3</i>   | Festival of the Strait (Port Hawkesbury)                    |
| <i>July 1-2</i>         | Lobster Supper Annual Weekend (St. Peter's)                 |
| <i>July 3</i>           | Boisdale Scottish Concert (Boisdale)                        |
| <i>July 8-9</i>         | Baddeck Handcraft Festival (Baddeck)                        |
| <i>July 8-10</i>        | Festival of Scottish Fiddling (Glendale)                    |
| <i>July 13-17</i>       | Whycocomagh Summer Carnival (Whycocomagh)                   |
| <i>July 15-16</i>       | Judique on the Floor Days (Judique)                         |
| <i>July 15-17</i>       | Cheticamp Annual Giant Bazaar (Cheticamp)                   |
| <i>July 16-23</i>       | New Waterford 70th Anniversary Celebrations (New Waterford) |
| <i>July 17</i>          | Big Pond Concert (Big Pond)                                 |
| <i>July 24-31</i>       | Inverness Gathering (Inverness)                             |
| <i>July 24-31</i>       | Bar 90 + 8 Days (North Sydney)                              |
| <i>July 27-31</i>       | Fire Week (Cheticamp)                                       |
| <i>July 28-31</i>       | Festival Acadien de l'Ardoise (l'Ardoise)                   |
| <i>July 28-31</i>       | Margaree Summer Festival (Margaree)                         |
| <i>July 30-August 6</i> | Action Week (Sydney)  |
| <i>July 31</i>          | Broad Cove Concert (Broad Cove)                             |
| <i>August 3-7</i>       | Festival de l'Escaouette (Cheticamp)                        |
| <i>August 4-7</i>       | Chestico Days (Port Hood)                                   |
| <i>August 5</i>         | Clan MacNeil Day (Iona)                                     |
| <i>August 5-7</i>       | Happy Days on River Inhabitants (Lower River Inhabitants)   |
| <i>August 6</i>         | Highland Village Day (Iona)                                 |
| <i>August 14</i>        | St. Joseph de Moine Scottish Concert (St. Joseph du Moine)  |
| <i>August 15-20</i>     | Gaelic Mod (St. Ann's)                                      |
| <i>August 16-20</i>     | Cape Breton County Exhibition (North Sydney)                |
| <i>August 17-21</i>     | Louisbourg Action Days Festival (Louisbourg)                |
| <i>September 11</i>     | S. & L. Railway Reunion (Louisbourg)                        |



# AR OF EVENTS





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While you may be making your first trip to the Island, people have been coming here for a 1,000 years or more! The Norsemen came, and so did Basque and Breton fishermen.

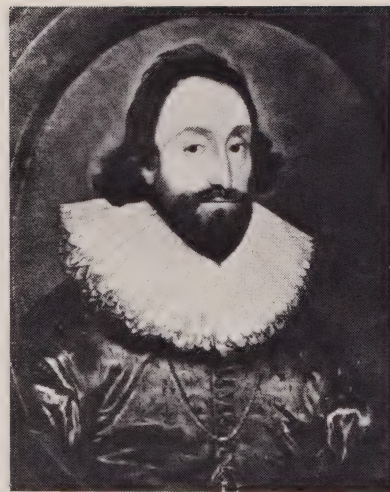
But if sometime you wend your way up Sugarloaf Mountain on Aspy Bay, you'll find a memorial cairn to one of our more famous visitors. In 1497, John Cabot sailed from Bristol, England and made a landfall here in Cape Breton. (There are some who dispute the location, but it has not been proven otherwise!) Cabot claimed the land for King Henry VII and England, and planted his flag.

But this was not the beginning of a great influx. For years, the only visitors continued to be fishermen from a variety of countries, coming ashore only for fresh water and to dry their catch before the long voyage home.

However, in 1621 Sir William Alexander received a charter for the whole territory under the name of New Scotland, or Nova Scotia in the Latin of the day. Later, the rights to Cape Breton Island, along with Prince Edward Island, were passed to Sir Robert Gordon of Lochinvar. The Island's Scottish heritage is well-founded.

In 1713, by the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, Cape Breton became a French domain, and between 1720 and 1740, Louisbourg and its incredible fortress was built. But in 1760, the British were again in control, and Prime Minister William Pitt ordered the demolition of the Fortress as a symbolic act to demonstrate the end of French influence.

In 1983, the French influence is a welcome presence. The Fortress Louisbourg has risen again. And you should plan to spend some of your vacation right there.



Sir William Alexander.



The Navigator. John Cabot's little ship Mathew in which he discovered the Northern approaches of the New World.

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63 Modern Units  
Electric heat  
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Play Grounds — Paddle Boats  
Canoes

ON THE CABOT TRAIL

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Reservations:  
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## *The view from the top of the world*

In the early morning, wisps of cloud gather 'round the peak of Cape Smokey, and you'll easily see how this 1200-foot mountain got its name.

You're on the eastern edge of the northern tip of Cape Breton, where the land nudges up to the cliff tops and the broad Atlantic sweeps or rages below. Going north, you'll pass the deluxe resort of Keltic Lodge, or stop and look around. You should stop for sure at Neil's Harbour, as pretty a fishing village as you could ever hope to see.

Leave the highway again at Cape North, for the road that takes you to Meat Cove. If you feel, when you arrive at Meat Cove, that you have finally reached the end of the world, relax, you're not the first to feel that way. And it's a little trip you'll remember for a long, long time!

This is glorious country, a spectacular drive across the northern fringe of the Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Lonely, stark, awesomely beautiful. A piece of the world preserved the way it was. Overhead, an eagle patrols his vast domain. In the bordering forests and glens, moose and bear roam wild and free.



Keltic Lodge, Ingonish.





You catch sight of the sea again at Pleasant Bay, this time it's the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Driving south now, you have blue waters on your right, and on your left the varied greens of forest and mountain, with wild flowers offering bright spots of color. The cliffs fall sharply to the sea, and you breathe many a sigh of relief that you're on the landward side.

The scenery holds you back, you have to linger and drink it all in. In time you'll be in Cheticamp, where rug making is a fine and neighbourly craft. You meet people who are proud Acadian, speaking the French and retaining the culture of their Norman ancestors.

Along the Margaree River valley, the land lies serene and warm in the summer sun, it's peaceful here, away from the crashing sea. A place for painters and poets.

You have covered a good measure of the Cabot Trail, taking it slowly for all kinds of good reasons. It's a challenge, a rare experience to travel through such country, an experience to savour. There's no rush around here. Walk the pathways, talk to people you meet. Hear the Gaelic and the Acadian French, and be happy to share some time.



Cheticamp

The hooked rug industry in Cheticamp really got organized at the turn of the century. Although it had been a traditional family craft for many years prior. Over the years, the quality, and colours have been greatly improved. Today, this local industry is looking forward to continued success as the younger generations become involved. Fine examples of this traditional craft are available at many places in the area, and throughout Cape Breton.



L'industrie du tapis hooké existe à Chéticamp depuis le début de 20<sup>e</sup> siècle. Cet art unique, introduit par nos arrières grand-mères, est maintenant enseigné à la jeune génération et c'est pourquoi avec l'intérêt et le goût d'apprendre, les tapis hookés de Chéticamp existeront dans les années à venir. Il existe dans la région plusieurs boutiques d'artisanat qui vendent une grande variété de ces tapis et qui tout de même savent accommoder les goûts des touristes.



# CHETICAMP

*A Colorful Historic Acadian  
Fishing Village On The  
Magnificent Cabot Trail*



Cheticamp, located on Route 19 in the County of Inverness, offers you a delightful change of pace. The Acadians who first settled here knew a good thing when they saw it. Their descendants enjoy beautiful salt water sand beaches, fishing, hunting and a peaceful lifestyle. Cheticamp is world famous for its hooked wool rugs and other fine handcrafts. Visit the famous St. Peters Church or go deep sea fishing. There's lot's to see and do in Cheticamp.

## Park View

**Motels · Restaurant · Gift Shop**

On the Cabot Trail at the entrance to  
Cape Breton Highland National Park

**Licensed Dining Room · 17 Modern Units ·  
Swimming Pool · Gift Shop · Local Handcrafts  
Fine Bone China · Tartans**

**We cater to Bus Tours (902)224-3232  
CHETICAMP**

## Harbour Restaurant



Our Licensed Dining-Room  
Overlooks Cheticamp Harbour  
lobster-seafoods-Acadian meals  
salad bar-steaks-lunches  
224-2042

**BUS TOURS BY RESERVATION  
ONLY PLEASE  
CHETICAMP, P.O. BOX 400, NS B0E 1H0**

## Flora's Gift Shop

**LOCATED 2 MILES SOUTH OF CHETICAMP  
AT POINT CROSS ON THE CABOT TRAIL**

**THE SHOP WITH TWO LITTLE FISHING BOATS**

**Largest Display of Cheticamp Coasters — Chair Seats, Wall hangings,  
Sceneries — Rugs, Hooked Rugs, Knitted sweaters, Socks, Mitts,  
Shawls, Placemats, Ponchos, Large Quilts**

**ART GALLERY — LOCAL PAINTINGS 224-3139  
Lots of parking in our large lot for campers and buses**

## Laurie's Motel & Dining Room

"One of Canada's Four Hundred  
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- 21 Modern Units
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- Air Conditioned Dining Room



**Your Host: The McKeown Family  
P.O. Box 1 Cheticamp, N.S.  
Phone: 224-2400**

## WHALE CRUISES Cheticamp



See the spectacular Cabot Trail from Gulf  
waters and search for pilot whales. Narrated  
tours with interpreter. At the Government  
Wharf opposite the Cheticamp Church.

Daily 9:00am-1:00pm-6:00 pm  
(JULY and AUGUST)

Schedule varies in June, Sept, October.

Contact: Capt. Bill Crawford

**CHETICAMP BOAT TOURS**

P.O. BOX 10 Grand Etang, NS  
224-3376



## LES TROIS PIGNONS



Cultural & Information Centre  
Les Trois Pignons,  
PO Box 430 Cheticamp NS B0E 1H0  
224-2642 Or 224-2612

Free Historical Tours —  
Acadian Cultural Activities  
Elizabeth LeFort Gallery —  
Festival de l'Escaouette  
(August 3-7, 1983)

Open May 20 to October 10

## H. CORMIER SERVICE STATION

The tourist's last stop before entering  
Cape Breton Highland National Park

- propane distributor for western  
Cape Breton
- gas, general repairs
- 24 HOUR TOWING from  
anywhere on the Trail

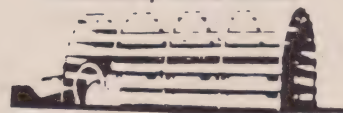
Located just north of Cheticamp,  
1/4 mile from park

BUSINESS — 224-2802

RESIDENCE — 224-2787 Or 224-3818



## GABION Lobster Trap Gift Shop Cheticamp Nova Scotia



2 miles from entrance to National Park.  
Hooked Rugs, Souvenirs & Local Crafts  
Lots of paved parking.

## Ocean View MOTEL

7 units, color tv, clock radio  
housekeeping, picnic grounds  
for advance reservations write:

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Nova Scotia B0E 1H0  
224-2313**

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Handcraft Co-operative — Museum  
Full menu specializing in Acadian dishes  
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Take-out orders available

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May 15-Sept 15 8:00am-9:00pm 224-2170  
Open every day to welcome you!





*"I have travelled around the globe. I have seen the Canadian and American Rockies, the Andes and the Alps, and the Highlands of Scotland; but for simple beauty Cape Breton outrivals them all!"*

*Alexander Graham Bell*

The tranquil village of Baddeck, on a mountain peninsula overlooking the Bras d'Or Lakes, was where Mr. Bell chose to build his summer home. As you might expect for so brilliant and famous a man, he entertained a great deal. And many who visited with him also chose to have a home in this "scenic gem".

A hundred or so years ago, Baddeck and Whycocomagh (Head of the Water) were popular resort areas for wealthy visitors from the United States and Canada. The serenity and beauty that brought them here, still remains. And some of their delightful old homes now offer accommodations to visitors of later generations.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor and humanitarian, is well remembered here, and the Bell Museum welcomes thousands of visitors every season. It's totally fascinating, starting with the architecture, a stone and glass rendition of Bell's tetrahedron.

Park your car and walk is the only real way to enjoy this very special place. You'll want to stop often, just to rest your eyes on the panoramic vistas across the lake. You can get a different view from the water, look for boats to charter.

From Big Bras d'Or, Joe Van Schaick operates the Bird Islands Tour, a fascinating 2 1/2 hour trip out to sea, and around the wild bird colonies. You'll see puffin, cormorants, seals; enjoy a breath of fresh salt air, and get a different view of beautiful Cape Breton. His season starts mid-May.

The only Gaelic College in North America is at St. Ann's, and if you've a drop of Scottish blood you might be tempted to enroll.

Baddeck is a central point for a Cape Breton vacation, but you're well advised to plan and book early.





# NOVA S



## *Come for our treasures at every turn of the road.*

Linger awhile and discover the richness of our way of life. Time seems to have stopped in our villages, each with a distinctive character all its own. You'll experience life the way it used to be, a slower pace, a friendlier style.

Drive down a country road and you're likely to find yourself invited in to visit at a house along the way. You'll discover Rappie Pie, finnan

haddie, cod cheeks and roe, marakins and scrapple, and a host of other local favourites.

Get to know the people. You'll treasure our music. There's nothing quite like a Nova Scotia fiddler to set your toes tapping or ease troubled hearts. You'll join right in.

Set out in search of an old lighthouse. Or head for a shipwreck in a secluded cove. Follow your whim and you'll find delightful

surprising treasures: miles of white sand beaches, emerald highlands, crystal clear lakes and rivers.

Wherever you go, you'll find warm, friendly people. Hit the road in Nova Scotia and join us for a new adventure.

Your visit to Nova Scotia is an experience your family will treasure for a lifetime. That's what makes it such a great vacation value.



# SCOTIA

Cabot Trail, Cape Breton Highlands.



Share our country life at Sherbrooke Village.



Halifax, our exciting seaport capital.

**Quick facts.** Drive all the way here. Or ferry from Portland (10 hrs.), Bar Harbor (6 hrs.) or Saint John, N.B. (2 1/2 hrs.) Enjoy 4,625 miles of coastline, warm sandy beaches, 9,000 lakes, 100 rivers. More than 150 campgrounds, 250 hotels, motels, inns and popular bed 'n' breakfasts. 5,705 miles of paved roads. Summer temp.: 72°F. Don't miss this year's International Gathering of the Clans and The Loyalist Bicentennial. Hundreds of local festivals. Over 100 museums. Great nightlife, food, pubs, sports, and entertainment.

For complete information on your visit to Nova Scotia and free Treasure Guide, write to:  
Tourism Nova Scotia,  
P.O. Box 130,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2M7  
Or call: Ontario 1-800-565-7140,  
Western Canada 1-800-565-7166,  
Atlantic Canada 1-800-565-7105,  
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Honourable  
Bruce Cochran,  
Minister of Tourism





# BADDECK

## The Beginning and End of The Cabot Trail

*Gisele's*



**MOTEL & DINING ROOM**

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The finest in accommodations  
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CAMPING AT KOA HAS A STYLE ALL ITS OWN AND THAT  
STYLE IS CONVENIENCE. HOT SHOWERS, CLEAN RESTROOMS, UTILITY  
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British Imports — Hooked Rugs  
fine woolens, china and glass

Bed & Breakfast

1 mi east of

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Bell Museum

baddeck ns B0E 1B0

### BADDECK FORKS GOLF COURSE:

Baddeck Forks Golf Course  
a 9 hole executive course  
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110-320 yard ranges  
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### SUB and SCOOP

For your fun, submarines,  
Seafood chowders, homemade pies  
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**KILTS, TARTANS,  
SKIRTS...**

in the Gaelic College at St. Ann's on  
the Cabot Trail just off #105



**bell  
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**RESTAURANT**  
seafood fresh from the shoreline

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**82 units  
licensed  
dining room  
overlooking  
Bras d'Or lakes**

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"The Beginning and End of the famous Cabot Trail"

### WONG'S Restaurant

Serving breakfast 8am-11am

CHINESE & Canadian

Seafood & Steaks, Light Lunches

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Air Conditioned 8:00 am-8:30 pm

Open till 10:30 in summer

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*Inverary*



BADDECK

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ON THE BRAS D'OR LAKES  
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AND MODERN UNITS  
• FAMOUS SCOTTISH FARE  
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*Blue Heron  
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Quality gifts for all occasions  
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Marg & Lloyd MacEachern

*The Lobster Galley*

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Live lobster all season

overlooking the harbour

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12 miles from Baddeck

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some fun... Visit

**CABOTLAND**

Family Fun Park

Gift Shop — Snack Bar

OPEN DAILY 9 - 9

Route 105 at Exit 7

Six miles west of Baddeck

BUS TOURS WELCOME

**BADDECK MARINE  
YACHT SHOP  
CHARTERS**  
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## *Follow the Fleur de Lis*

If you were to make a right turn at Port Hastings after crossing the causeway, you would join the Fleur de Lis Trail. And you would be heading out on a delightful journey, meandering along through old Acadian villages, fishing communities, and by the weatherbeaten shore.

Once again, you're well advised to branch off the highway and explore the country. Be sure to drive the Lennox Passage Bridge to Isle Madame, a haven for artists and historians, and a place of natural beauty and old world charm. Take a leisurely drive through Martinique, Poulamond, D'Escousse, and Pondville, and on to Arichat. Linger in Arichat, one of the oldest settlements in Nova Scotia, and today a quiet and pleasant town. It was here, in 1853 that St. Francis Xavier University was founded, though a mere two years later it moved to Antigonish.

Petit de Grat is the oldest settlement on Isle Madame, being established in 1713 by Acadians from Louisbourg. Little Anse is regarded by many as one of the most colorful harbours on the whole Atlantic seaboard.

Back on the mainland, the Fleur de Lis Trail ends at St. Peter's, founded as San Pedro by Portugese fishermen. St. Peter's Canal, built in 1869, is the southwest passage to the Bras d'Or Lakes. If you follow the shore of Bras d'Or, you'll discover some beautiful beaches, lovely views, and hundreds of reasons to spend the rest of your vacation right where you are.







# INVERNESS

## COUNTY

### CAPE BRETON NOVA SCOTIA

*Enjoy Spectacularly Beautiful Scenery*

#### THE JEAN SHOP

#### AUTHENTIC SCOTTISH CLAN TARTANS

Central Avenue  
258-2412  
Tourists Welcomed

#### *Inverness Lodge*

*Motel & Dining Room*

By the Sea on Route 19  
"The Ceilidh Trail"

Modern Units - Pool  
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Licensed Dining Room

Phone 258-2193

Or write P.O. Box 69 Inverness  
Cape Breton, Nova Scotia

No matter where you stay in the county of Inverness, you will enjoy unsurpassed scenic beauty. There are countless little coves to explore, the warmest beaches in the Maritimes, hiking trails up to rocky mountain glens and much more. Other attractions include:

- Inverness Miners Museum
- The Mother of Sorrows Pioneer Shrine in Mabou
- Salmon Museum at Margaree
- Deep Sea Fishing
- Fly Fishing
- Sandy Beaches
- Handcrafts

For further information please write

Inverness County Municipal  
Tourist Committee  
Box 179, Port Hood  
Nova Scotia B0E 2W0

Or The Cape Breton Tourist Association  
20 Keltic Dr., Sydney R. N.S.  
(902) 539-9876 B1S 1P5

Or Call Toll-Free 1-800-565-7105

(From Halifax/Dartmouth area 425-5781).  
For Reservations and information



#### Normaway Inn

A quiet, secluded, 24 room, 200 acre, country inn off the Cabot Trail. Superb food, tennis, bicycles and trails. Nearby museums, river salmon fishing, ocean beaches, unequalled touring.

Margaree Valley, Cape Breton Island  
Nova Scotia, Canada 902-248-2987

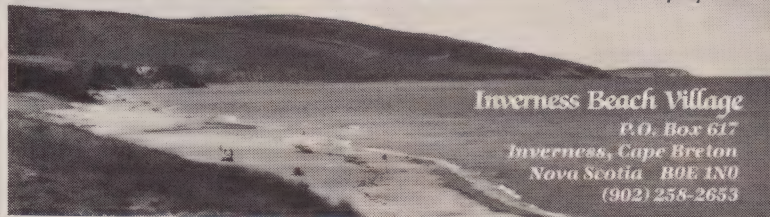
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"On Route 19, 9.96 km (6 mi.)"  
North of Inverness Town  
At Dunvengan  
Phone: 258-2433

#### This Beach is your Backyard!

- beautiful sandy beach to explore
- fully equipped housekeeping cottages
- campsite and trailer accommodation
- tennis courts
- children's play area



Inverness Beach Village  
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#### The Hebridean Motel & Dining Room

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- near two beautiful beaches
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- televisions

Phone 787-3214 or Write  
Box 149, Port Hood  
Inverness, N.S. B0E 2W0

*will ye no come back again!*





## *Ceilidh is Gaelic for party — come and join the fun*

Here's what happens if you go left from Port Hastings.

Route 19 is the Ceilidh (Kay-lee) Trail, and follows the shoreline of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But please don't rush along the highway. Dawdle and detour, remember you are on vacation! In fact, there's a must-stop at Creignish, for a fantastic view of the Strait of Canso and St. George's Bay from the look-out atop Creignish Mountain.

In 1775, four families from the Hebrides fled to Cape Breton. They were the Judiques, and today the district of Judique (Judique South, Judique, Judique North, Judique Intervale and Little Judique) is a bustling and progressive rural community.

In many ways, this lovely stretch of Cape Breton shore is a micro version of the whole island. In the way that the various races and cultures have merged and mingled, maintaining some unique cultural features, but living in harmony with each other.

In the Margaree area you find people of Scottish, Irish, and French descent. To discover how well they have adjusted to each other's national traits, try and be here when there's a Ceilidh!

There's an interesting triangle of Cape Breton bounded by the roads linking Dunvegan, through Whale Cove to Margaree Harbour, and through the Margaree Valley to Margaree Forks and Southwest Margaree. At North East Margaree, visit the Salmon Museum, operated by the local angler's association and devoted to the highly delectable Atlantic salmon — past, present, and future. Find time to visit the Museum of Cape Breton Heritage, which brings together household craftwork and artifacts of Scottish, Indian, and Acadian people.

Our Cape Breton museums are great meeting places. You'll enjoy the exhibits, and get to meet and talk with local residents. Very quickly, you'll learn that *Ciad Mile Failte* (100 thousand welcomes) is much more than just a slogan.





# TOWN OF GLACE BAY (pop. 23,000)

A warm welcome awaits you in  
Glance Bay where COAL IS KING,  
Home of the MINERS MUSEUM,  
The Miners' Forum, the SAVOY  
theatre, and the MEN OF THE  
DEEPS CHORUS; site of

Marconi's first transatlantic  
wireless message. A friendly  
seacoast town noted for its  
hospitality, seafood and friendly  
atmosphere.



## BAY SEAFOOD LTD.

Harbour Street

Fresh and Frozen Fish  
LOBSTERS  
Fishing Supplies

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## VISIT AN UNDERGROUND COAL MINE

### THE MINERS' MUSEUM Glance Bay

Destroyed by fire August 19th, 1980, the  
Cape Breton Miners' Museum has been re-  
built at a cost of \$2,000,000.00.

This larger, more modern institution must  
be considered one of the foremost museums  
in Nova Scotia and is a must for tourists  
and local people alike.

Visitors can tour the Museum's own Ocean  
Deeps Colliery.

Hours: 10:00 am-6:00 pm

June 13-September 9

Inquire about year round group tours by  
phoning 849-4522

## McKINLAY BEVERAGES

welcomes tourists to our retail shop at



262 Brookside  
(Glance Bay)

12 FLAVOURS AT REFRESHING Prices.  
Try our own IRON BREW

## TOBY's, EIN's & JEANLAND

(walk thru Toby's to Jeanland)  
SMACK in the centre of Commercial Street,  
it's always pleasant shopping at  
Toby's, Ein's and Jeanland.

WELCOME VISITORS

## STANLEY'S IRVING

1 McKeen St.  
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"24 Hour Service"!!!

## BLACK DIAMOND PHARMACY LTD.

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Drug & Vacation supplies

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Licensed Restaurant & Take Out  
Specializing in Chinese Food,  
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(DOWNTOWN)

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at Senators Corner

Glance Bay's Souvenir Centre  
Local & Imported Gifts and Momentos

## Colliery Inn

27 Fine Rooms  
Licensed Lounge and Restaurant  
"Home cooked meals"

Located on Union Street  
across from the SAVOY theatre.

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34 Commercial St.

"Tandy Leather Dealer"  
Glance Bay's Yarn, Hobby  
and Craft Suppliers

WELCOME VISITORS  
door to Colonial Jewellers)

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Prescriptions  
22 Commercial St.  
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## HIGHLAND'S CHEVROLET-OLDSMOBILE LTD.

59 Commercial St.  
849-2550

## MEDICAL HALL

849-6552

Prescriptions and First Aid Supplies.  
Film & Photo Supplies.

11 Commercial Street  
"Welcome to Glance Bay"

WELCOME TO THE  
SECOND STOREY DINING ROOM  
We are listed in "Where To Eat  
In Canada" for our home-cooked  
pies and seafood specialties.

16 South St.  
8 4 9 - 1 9 8 0  
(Reservations Recommended)  
JAY'S DRIVE-IN next door to  
Second Storey Dining Room  
famous for chicken & chips

## MINERS' VILLAGE RESTAURANT



Meals served by lamplight in a  
uniquely warm and pleasant  
atmosphere

QUARRY POINT,  
GLANCE BAY

Located on the MINERS' MUSEUM site, Telephone 849-1788







## *The long hard rule of old King Coal*

Have you ever ventured down a coalmine? Dark and damp, pressed in by thousands of years, and hundreds of thousands of tons of rock? You can, here in Cape Breton, at Glace Bay.

The Ocean Deeps Mine at Glace Bay offers a rare chance to taste the kind of life once lived by the local miners. There's a Miner's Museum — a living memorial to the “men of the deeps”.

Coal has been part of the life of Cape Breton since the earliest days. North America's first coal mine began operations in 1720 at Cow Bay, now Port Morien. The mine was run by the French, and served the workers on the construction project at Louisbourg.

But even before then, as far back as 1672, thick coal seams had been visible in the cliffs around Little Bras d'Or.

It was coal that led to the development of Sydney as a steel town, with the first mill starting operations in 1901. Sydney itself is much older of course, starting life in 1785 as Spanish Bay.

No matter how long or short your visit to Cape Breton, you should spend some time in the Sydney area. There is a fine park, and the Cossitt House was built in 1787.

The strength of Sydney is its people, who have faced and conquered hard times, and who always have a smile and a warm welcome for strangers.

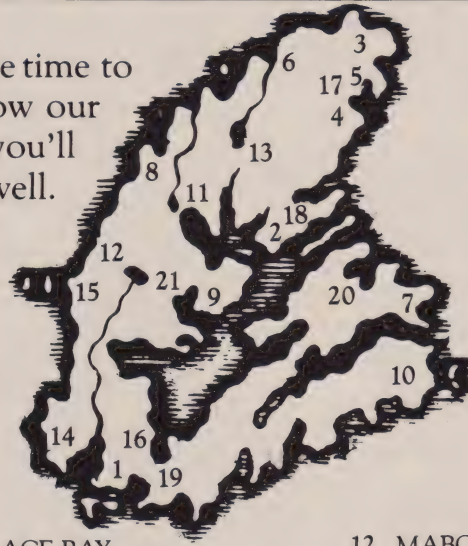
At Sydney River, the brightest welcome you could imagine is the little tartan-painted bungalow of the Cape Breton Tourist Association. Drop in and say hello.





# WHERE WE COME FROM IS HOW WE LIVE

Take the time to  
get to know our  
history and you'll  
know us as well.



## 1 ARICHAT

**LENOIR FORGE MUSEUM**  
Restored French 18th century stone  
blacksmith shop.  
Hours: June 15 - Sept. 15  
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Daily  
For appointment 226-2051

## 2 BADDECK

**ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL  
NATIONAL HISTORIC PARK**  
A modern interpretive complex  
highlighting Bell's experiments in  
flight, hydrofoils and work with the  
deaf. Hours: July 1 to September 30  
9:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m. Daily  
Remainder of the Year  
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Daily  
**THE VICTORIA COUNTY  
MUSEUM & ARCHIVES**  
Gilbert H. Grosvenor Hall. Houses a  
large and varied collection of  
archival material and artifacts,  
related to the history of the County.  
Hours: Open 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.  
Opening Date not yet determined.

## 3 BAY ST. LAWRENCE

**LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE**  
Summer months only — check  
locally for times of opening.

## 4 CABOT HIGH SCHOOL ARCHIVES

Summer by appointment,  
contact Fred Williams,  
Ingonish 285-2605

## 5 CAPE NORTH

**NORTH HIGHLAND  
COMMUNITY MUSEUM**  
Large collection of photographs,  
documents and artifacts from local  
area. Hours: Mid June - Sept.  
10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Daily

## 6 CHETICAMP

**ACADIAN MUSEUM**  
A small display of relics of the  
Acadian people of this district.  
Featuring spinning, weaving, and  
rug-hooking crafts.  
Hours: May 15 to October 15  
Weekdays 8:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.  
Sundays 9:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

**LES TROIS PIGNONS; ACADIAN  
CULTURAL CENTRE.**

Hours: All year — 9 a.m.-7 p.m.  
Seven days a week

## 7 GLACE BAY

**THE MINERS MUSEUM**  
A focus on the contribution of the  
coal miner and coal in the  
continuing advance of civilization.  
Hours: June 15-Sept. 4  
10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Daily

## 8 INVERNESS

**INVERNESS MINERS MUSEUM**  
Housed in the C.N. Station  
originally built in 1901. Museum  
reflects the mining history and  
includes a tape collection and small  
archives. Hours: Monday to Saturday  
10:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m.  
Sunday 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

## 9 IONA

**NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLAND  
VILLAGE**  
Devoted to the life of the early  
Scottish settlers in Nova Scotia.  
Includes a museum building, house  
(1875-1900), carding mill, forge,  
country store, school, barn, log  
cabin, a frame house (1850) and  
Hebridean stone house or  
"Tigh Dubh".  
Hours: June 15 to September 15  
10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

## 10 LOUISBOURG

**SYDNEY & LOUISBOURG  
RAILWAY MUSEUM**  
A restored 1895 railway station with  
exhibits describing the history of the  
S & L, railway technology, and  
marine shipping.  
Hours: June 15 to September 30  
9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

## 11 LAKE AINSLIE

**MacDONALD HOUSE MUSEUM**  
(run by Lake Ainslie Historical  
Society) Route 395, overlooking  
Lake Ainslie. Hours: June 15  
Sept. 1 - 9-5 — 5 days

## 12 MABOU

**MABOU GAELIC AND  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM**  
An Drochaid — The Bridge — in  
former store used as centre for  
crafts, genealogical and historical  
records and research — local music  
and poetry. Hours: Weekdays  
10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

## 13 NORTHEAST MARGAREE

**SALMON MUSEUM**  
Exhibits related to salmon angling  
on the Margaree River. Housed in a  
former schoolhouse. Excellent  
collections of fishing tackle, photos,  
memorabilia of famous anglers.  
Hours: June 15 to October 15  
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Daily

## MUSEUM OF CAPE BRETON HERITAGE

North East Margaree. Collection of  
household items, arts and crafts of  
Cape Breton origin. Emphasis on  
textile patterns and techniques.  
Hours: June 15 - Oct. 15  
9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Daily

## 14 PORT HASTINGS

**PORT HASTINGS HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY**  
Collection of pictures of the  
community and residents over the  
years. Artifacts, genealogy, cemetery  
index. St. David's United Church  
Hours: Check at Tourist Bureau

## 15 PORT HOOD

**CHESTICO MUSEUM AND  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
Contains a collection of artifacts that  
tell of the life of the early settlers of  
Port Hood and District.  
Hours: Enquire locally.

## 16 RIVER BOURGEOIS

**River Bourgeois Historical Society**  
working towards Museum.  
Hours: Mid-June - Sept. 1  
9 p.m.-5 p.m. Mon-Fri.

## 17 SOUTH HAVEN

**SOUTH HAVEN GUILD OF  
WEAVERS, SPINNERS & DYERS**  
Proposed display of work shown  
during the summer months. Check  
locally for times and location.

## BEATON INSTITUTE OF CAPE BRETON STUDIES

University College of Cape Breton  
Sydney — Glace Bay Highway  
Hours: 8:30-4:00 Mon.-Fri.

## 18 ST. ANNS

**GIANT MACASKILL MUSEUM**  
In Gaelic College complex. Exhibits  
related to the Scottish settlers of the  
district. Features life of the "Cape  
Breton Giant", Angus MacAskill.  
Hours: June 1 to October 15  
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Daily  
July and August  
9:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. Daily

## 19 ST. PETERS

**NICOLAS DENYS MUSEUM**  
Collection of local historical  
materials. Design of the building  
inspired by early French settlement.  
Hours: June 1 to September 30  
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Daily

## 20 SYDNEY

**COSSIT HOUSE**  
Residence of Rev. Ranna Cossit,  
first Anglican Minister of Sydney,  
Cape Breton and built c. 1787.  
Nova Scotia Museum Branch.  
Hours: May 15 to October 15  
9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Daily

## ST. PATRICKS CHURCH MUSEUM

Restoration of an old stone church  
housing local historical collection,  
history of Sydney and surrounding  
area. Hours: June - Sept. - Oct.  
1:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m. July - August  
9:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m.

## 21 WHYCOCOMAGH

Historical display of area (sponsored  
by Whycocomagh Hist. Socy) 2nd  
floor, Fire Hall. Hours:  
9-4 — 5 days July 1 - Sept. 1



Federation of  
Nova Scotian Heritage

Nova Scotia



Department of  
Culture, Recreation and Fitness





## *Oh, not to be a Sassenach!*

There can be few of us who remain unmoved by the sound of the pipes and drums. Or whose feet refuse to tap to the lively refrains of an old-time fiddle. And no matter whether our families hailed from England, or Ireland, or France, or Germany, or China, when the clans gather — don't we wish we were one of them!

In 1979, Nova Scotia hosted its first International Gathering of the Clans, and visitors arrived from around the world — Scotland, England, Scandinavia, France, Australia, New Zealand, the USA, and all the provinces of Canada.

This year, Nova Scotia is again the host for this International affair, from June 27 until August 21.

There are activities and events all across Nova Scotia, but the true heart of the Gathering will be here in Cape Breton.

Plan early to make the most of this province-wide family party. For complete information, please contact: International Gathering of the Clans, PO Box 1983, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2R5.





## Welcome To Your Home Away From Home!

Our Bed and Breakfast program enables you to stay with Cape Breton families and experience the Island's famous hospitality first hand.

Look for our welcoming signs all across the Island: in coastal fishing villages, in the scenic highlands, close to beaches, museums and shopping.

We invite you to come and make new friends, explore special places, sleep soundly and enjoy home cooking. A list of Bed and Breakfast homes can be obtained at any Cape Breton Tourist Association Bureau.

This project is supervised by the Cape Breton Development Corporation. More information can be obtained by writing:

P. O. Box 1750, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada B1P 6T7  
Attention: Ray Peters.

*CAPE BRETON BED AND BREAKFAST....WELCOME TO YOUR  
NEW HOME AWAY FROM HOME!*

## Bird Island Boat Tour



Family groups and nature buffs will delight in the open ocean tour of the famous Bird Islands. Herds of grey seals greet the "EAST WIND" as the crew points out puffins, cormorants, auks and thousands of gulls. Leaving from Mountain View by the Sea.

**TWICE DAILY**  
**10 a.m. & 2 p.m.**

contact:

**Mountain View by the Sea**

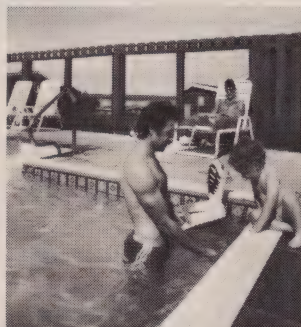
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A beautiful and friendly holiday resort nestled in the hills  
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- housekeeping cottages
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  - tennis courts
  - marina

R.R. #2, West Bay  
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Reservations  
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Pro shop  
(902) 345-2639



## Visit Cape Breton's Only Woolen Mill!

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from our range of hand knit items.

Located at scenic Irish Cove on the  
Bras d'Or Lakes between  
Port Hawkesbury and Sydney.







## Fortress Louisbourg: the clocks stopped in 1744

The sentries on the Dauphinee Gate are quite serious. For all they know, you could be an English spy; so be quick with the password!

When you pass under the archway, you have stepped back in time. And you'll marvel at this re-creation of another world. A world that represents the earliest day of Canada.

Built by the French in the years between 1720 and 1740, the bastion was captured in 1745 by a 4,000-man army from the New England States. More than a thousand of those soldiers would perish from famine and disease over the next two winters. So Fortress Louisbourg was sometimes known as Fortress Death.

But the Fortress you walk around today is still very much a French property. The soldiers are French soldiers, the citizens and visiting sailors are French. Enter the spirit of the place, and feel the loneliness and the isolation. Recognize the low regard with which the actual defenders were held by the merchants and officials. Look at their different lifestyles.

Time for lunch. Stop in at the tavern, eat from pewter plates with a dagger for a knife. The food is plain and simple, and typical of the times and you'll probably be relieved that your tour of duty was only a few brief hours!

And when you step back outside the Fortress, breathe a sigh of relief, and recognize that you have been living a lesson from one of the most important chapters of Canadian history. You'll be caught up in the romanticism. And the realism. And you could ask yourself how well you would have fared in that place, at that time.

Before or after you visit Fortress Louisbourg, follow the broad Mira River to Marion Bridge. How Cape Bretonners feel about this lovely country has been captured in one of the region's most haunting of folk songs.

### *The Song for the Mira*

1. Out on the Mira on warm afternoons,  
Old men go fishin' with black line and  
spoons,  
And if they catch nothing they never  
complain.  
I wish I was with them again—
2. As boys in their boats call to girls on the  
shore,  
Teasin' the ones that they dearly adore,  
And into the evening the courting  
begins,  
I wish I was with them again.

#### CHORUS:

Can you imagine a piece of the  
universe  
More fit for princes and kings?  
I'll trade you ten of your cities for  
Marion Bridge  
And the pleasure it brings.

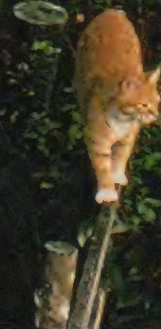
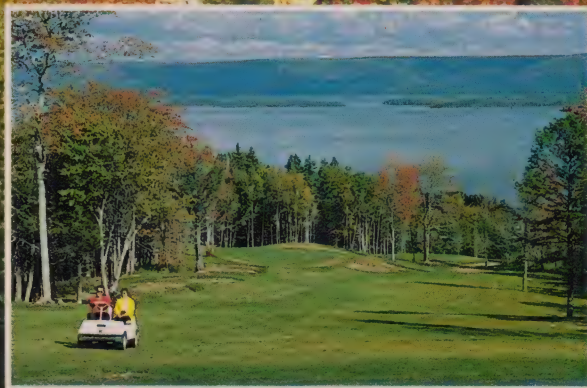
3. Out on the Mira on soft summer nights,  
Bon fires blaze to the children's delight.  
They dance 'round the flames singin'  
songs with their friends.  
I wish I was with them again.
4. And over the ashes the stories are told  
Of witches and werewolves and Oak  
Island gold.  
Stars on the river-face sparkle and spin.  
I wish I was with them again. (Chorus)
5. Out on the Mira the people are kind—  
They treat you to homebrew, and help  
you unwind,  
And if you come broken they'll see that  
you mend.  
I wish I was with them again.
6. Now I'll conclude with a wish you go  
well—  
Sweet be your dreams, and your  
happiness swell.  
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins.  
I'm going to be with them again.  
I'm going to be with them again.

Words and Music by  
Allister MacGillivray  
Copyright 1975 Cabot Trail Music  
Morning Music Ltd.  
1343 Matheson Blvd.  
Mississauga, Ontario





# Discover Your Own Special Place. Cape Breton!



Cape Breton is indeed a special place. Spectacular scenery, quaint villages, fascinating museums that make history live again. There are festivals, sandy beaches, nature trails, challenging golf courses, world class sailing, quiet salmon streams — and everywhere you'll be touched by the warmth of Cape Breton hospitality.



**Cape Breton**  
Nova Scotia

Nova Scotia's Most Scenic Attraction.

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Address

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**CAPE BRETON  
DEVELOPMENT  
CORPORATION**

Tourism P.O. Box 1750  
Sydney, Nova Scotia B1P 6T7



# CLAYTON THE FISHERMAN

By Veronica Ross

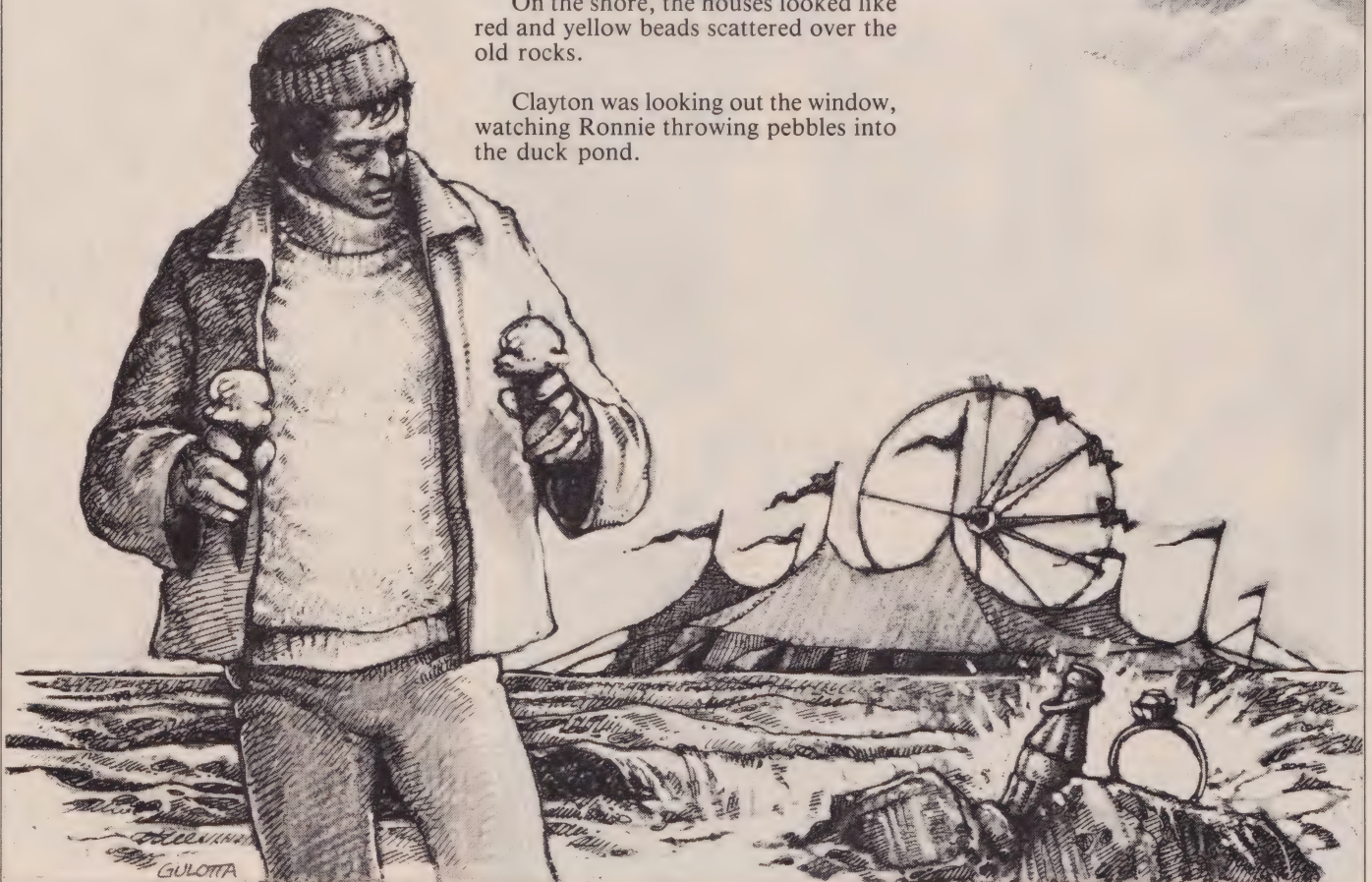
*Lucille. His stomach twisted. His crazy wife in the nuthouse . . .  
Everyone he knew had troubles . . . But Lucille . . .  
it was an aberration, not to be thought of. Or understood.  
All he had ever wished for was a good life.*

The early morning sea was serene, silvery with sifted light. Fog lay over the water like a primeval mist, innocent and still.

Clayton the fisherman stood in his boat and wordlessly blessed simplicity and goodness. Damp rope smells mingling with wet saltiness made him think of the smell of green tomatoes in the summer garden. Thelma, red-cheeked, waiting for the school bus. Ronnie, playing with his red plastic trucks in the sand by the back step.

On the shore, the houses looked like red and yellow beads scattered over the old rocks.

Clayton was looking out the window, watching Ronnie throwing pebbles into the duck pond.



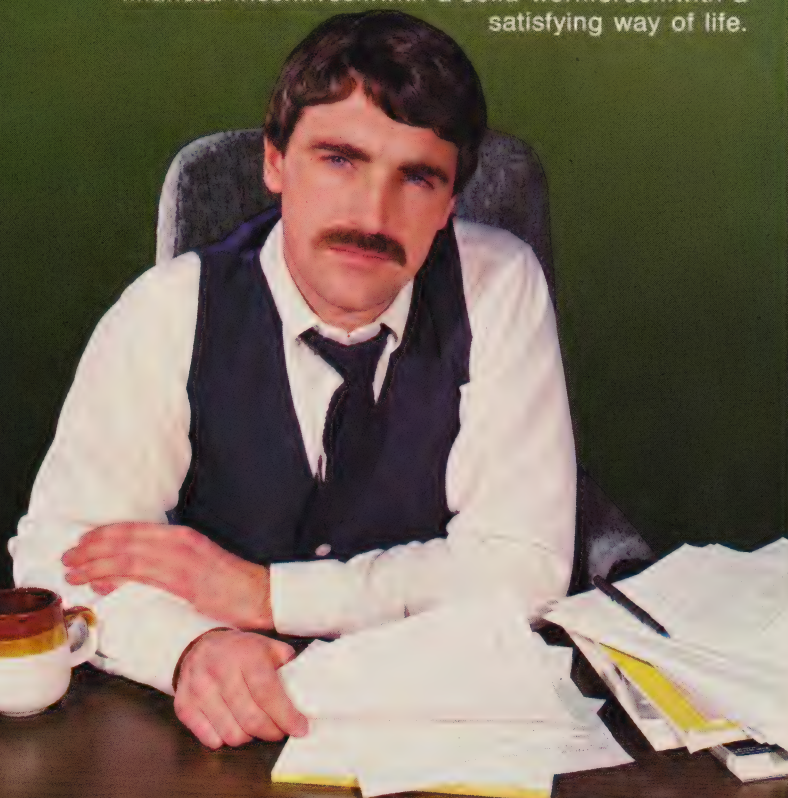


# Did You Ever Feel That Something Was Missing?

In every business somebody has to review the alternatives. And somebody has to make the final decision. If you're that person, make sure you have all the information on incentives and assistance. Whether you are planning to re-locate, or build a new plant, or start a new business, consider Prince Edward Island.

We know a lot of places offer financial assistance to get started, but how many offer a real commitment. Not only to get started by loans and grants, but to help you develop and grow. Government is committed to industrial development. To job creation. We believe in it...we plan for it...and our programs can back up our claim. Programs that help individual businesses to locate, get started, develop products and markets, train staff, increase sales, and to prosper.

We welcome new industry...with the right combination of financial incentives...with a solid workforce...with a satisfying way of life.



For further information,  
please contact:  
Deputy Minister, Industry Branch  
P.O. Box 2000, Charlottetown  
Prince Edward Island, Canada  
C1A 7N8  
902/892-3493  
Telex: 014 44154



## FICTION

"You have to make up your mind," Marion was saying.

Clayton closed his eyes. When he opened them, the sunlight was making a halo around his son's bright hair.

"Your eggs are done," Marion said. Eat. Sleep. Please.

She sat at the table with him.

"I can't go on this way," she said. "You know she'll never get any better. You have to think of the kids. Ronnie doesn't even know her. You must put an end to it."

He nodded. She was right. The eggs were almost orange. His eyes felt as though they had sand in them. He did not look at Marion. Her appearance, puffy and motherly, had nothing to do with how he felt about her. He longed for his bed. Marion always tucked him in when he came home early in the morning. She had been his "housekeeper" for two years. Going beyond that role had been easy and natural. One winter night, the children were in bed, she was darning socks, it was snowing... She was a woman who made life simple.

A sudden stab of light made the eggs appear almost green. Lucille. His stomach twisted. His crazy wife in the nuthouse.

Marion wept. He held her. He thought he could go to sleep right there on his feet. He squeezed his eyes shut and when he opened them he noticed her scalp, so white, through her sparse brown hair.

"I thought you said there'd be no more visits. You were supposed to tell the doctor."

"I know. I know. Ssh, ssh."

They went up the stairs together. Sleep. Marion smelled of wind and Javex. White sheets on the line. Her breasts were soft and heavy. He thought of her baby. A boy, beautiful, black hair. Stillborn. Two months later her young husband drowned. You'll have another child, he had said to her. She wanted new drapes: She had been looking through the catalogue.

Her hair was in his mouth. No other life was possible.

Sleep. Nothing but this.

Lucille sat very quietly in the truck. Her hands were folded in her lap. Her nails were painted red this time and there was the small black mole with the two long hairs growing out of it above her right wrist. She wore a yellow dress he had never seen before. Her hair, so dark it was almost blue, curled crisply around her small, pointed face and revealed her tiny ears. She was wearing the golden earrings he had won for her at a fair. That was when they were first married, before they had children. Lucille ate a candy apple while he tossed rings over Cola bottles. They went with another couple. The men drank rum. Lucille kept the rum in her large purse, a tan bag she had sent away for. It had her initials on it. Every-





one knew the police would not search a woman. On the way home, he drained the bottle and Lucille tossed it out of the window. He fell asleep with his head on her shoulder. When he awoke, she was examining the earrings, turning them over in the palm of her hand. "You know, I think

they're real gold."

She looked scared.

"All right?" He took her hand. She smiled hopefully at him.

"You're not hungry or anything, are you?"

"Oh no, they gave me lunch before you came to get me."

"We could stop somewhere," he said anxiously. He wanted to please her. It was not just that he was afraid of trouble. He wanted to make her happy. It was as if the times between visits had never existed, as if the months of other people had just been there to fill up the time.

But being with her was a thing of caution, of delicacy. She was so small, so helpless. He had a feeling that he could make it all right for her, that somehow he could help her over this barrier and that then everything would be fine.

"I brought Thelma mittens," she said. "They're red. I made them myself. They'll be good and warm for winter."

"She'll be glad to see you."

"I bet she's grown."

"She's getting to be a big girl. She had a good report card."

"I also made placemats. They're green. I couldn't learn to crochet right so I wove them on this little loom thing they have there. One woman's crocheting a tie for her husband."

"I never wear a tie anyway. Probably the last time I wore one was when we got married. Look how red the leaves are."

Her neck, slender and white. The little ring on her baby finger. When they were going together, she had taken the ring off to show him where it had been enlarged so many times. Her initials were on the inside of the band. He had kissed the ring and put it in his pocket. She

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## FICTION

chased him to get it back, tickling and scratching. They tumbled to the sand and he gripped her hands. Nails like shells, pink and dainty. She always liked painting her nails. She used to keep the nail polish in the fridge.

She was twisting this ring now.

"I wouldn't mind an ice cream," she was saying.

He looked: There was a Dairy Treat but it was on the wrong side of the road and a large freight truck was approaching.

"There's a place up the road. I need gas anyway. They have a canteen." She glanced over her shoulder, then turned away from him.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing."

"No, what's the matter? Tell me."

"Nothing, nothing. Never mind. It's all right."

"No it's not."

"It doesn't matter." She was almost crying.

"I can turn back," he said.

"I don't care. I don't want to bother you."

"You don't bother me."

"That's what you say." He could hardly hear her. Then: "If you wanted me to have an ice cream you would have stopped!" A cry. "You don't care what I want. It's the same old story."

She was sitting on the doorstep, waiting for him. They had had a terrible fight the night before he left and he had been tempted to hang around the wharf instead of coming right home. But he was tired and wet and hungry and so he went home.

*The wet clothes were in the laundry basket, beside her. He saw her red polka-dotted blouse among the white sheets. The blouse made him feel hopeful.*

*She was staring straight ahead. But then she looked at him and her face twisted into that defiant, scornful, ironic mask. A witch's face. Sometimes he felt like hitting her when she got that look.*

*"I see you don't have the clothes out yet."*

*He didn't really care about the laundry but he wanted to hurt her now. What had he done to deserve such anger? He never knew how to please her.*

*He went inside, slamming the door. She followed him. "You're disgusting," she said. She leaned against the sideboard. She was laughing and laughing suddenly, but laughing as if she had a secret.*

*No breakfast ready. Slam the frying pan. Oven on. Maybe she was baking bread, a cake. Slam the door, hard. He wanted her to say, "Hey, I've got a cake in there!"*

*He wanted her to have a reason to be angry with him, at least. And inside the oven, oh...*

*Oh oh oh oh oh.*

He pulled into a logging road and turned the truck around.

This is the last weekend, he reminded himself.

Marion had said, "I'll call the doctor and tell him if you can't do it."

"No, I'll do it," he had told her. "I guess it's kind of late to change plans at this late date. If only they'd called before I left to go out fishing."

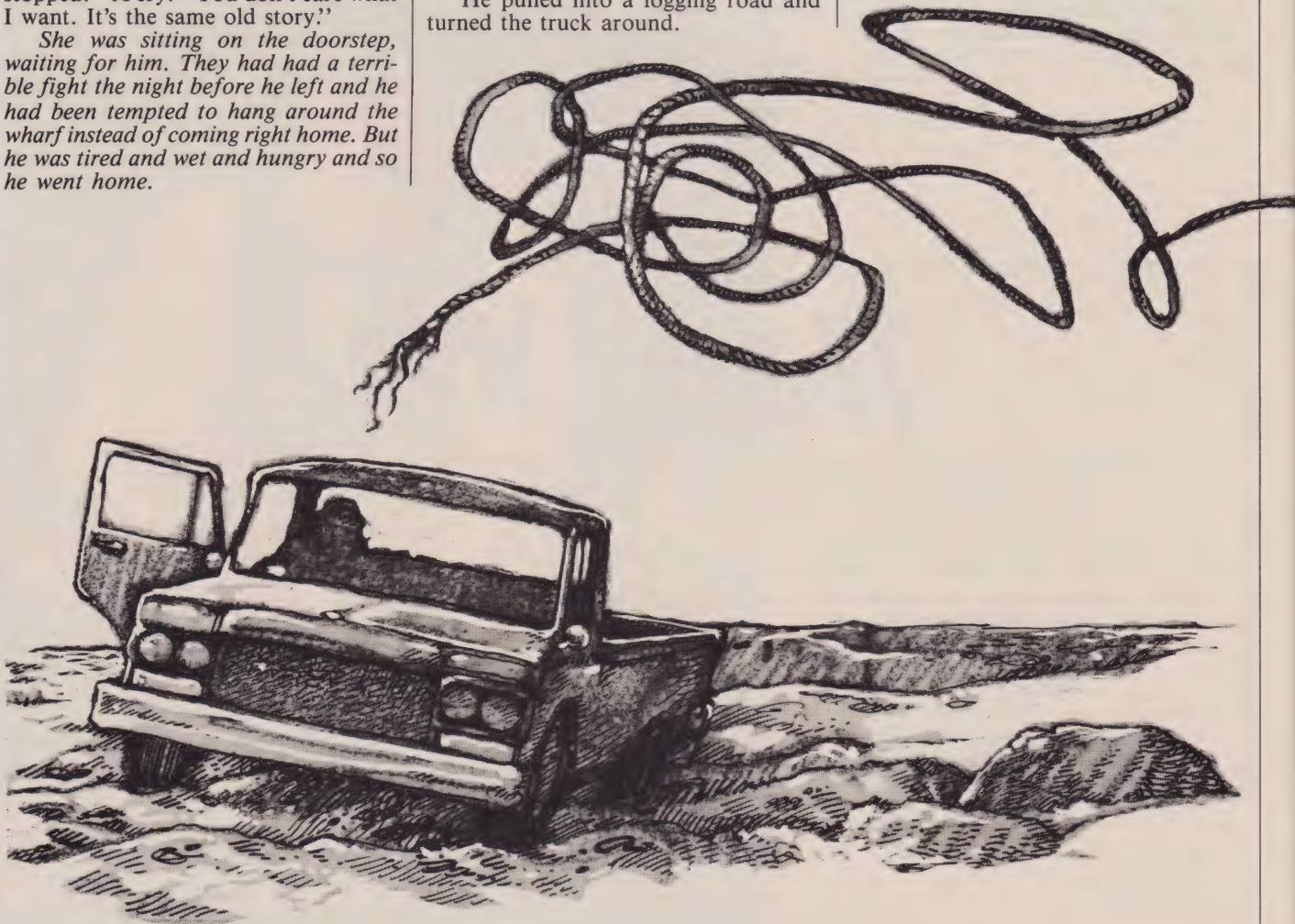
"I almost told them when they called, but I figured I'd better wait until you came home."

She should have told them, he thought. Thelma, Ronnie—what had he been thinking of?

Thelma had just looked when he'd said her mother was coming home for a weekend visit. Looked and gone to her room. On the last visit Lucille had gone into Thelma's room in the middle of the night. Thelma had awoken to find a weeping, crazy Lucille standing over her bed, saying, "My baby my baby."

And Ronnie. My God, he thought. If I hadn't come home that morning...

But this was beyond thought. It was beyond understanding. In the doctors' offices, foreign polished places, filing cabinets and framed diplomas, Clayton said Yes, yes, I understand. The doctors





made it seem as though Lucille had an illness. Like pneumonia or polio. He felt like someone else in those offices. When he was alone, maybe on the water or working on his traps, the thing Lucille had done seemed like such a macabre monstrosity that it did not seem possible. Everyone he knew had troubles, but somehow the giant realities of life—land, sea, family, the village—overcame the problems. But Lucille... it was an aberration, not to be thought of. Or understood. All he had ever wished for was a good life.

"What kind of ice cream do you want?" he asked.

"I don't want any."

"Lucille, I came back here so you could have an ice cream."

"I know you don't want me to have it. It's OK."

He opened the door of the truck.

"I'll get you a small cone."

"You'll hold it against me. You'll be angry."

"Do you want it dipped or not?"

"You're angry?"

"I'm not."

"Yes you are. I can tell. Don't hit me."

"I've never hit you," he said tiredly. All he wanted to do was to escape from her. Her legs were apart. He could see her underwear. Red panties, kid's underwear. Her nylons were wrinkled around her knees.

What if I just leave her, sitting here? he wondered. Hitch-hike home, to hell with the truck.

The kid ahead of him had a heart tattooed on his arm. Clayton concentrated on the heart. His head was beginning to ache. How could such madness exist and people still live?

The only thing to do with such madness was to cut it off, throw it away. I should never have agreed to this weekend, he thought. I should have phoned the doctor, refused to have her home. Let them deal with it. They could have given her pills or something.

"Two small cones," he said to the girl. He didn't want one, but if he only bought Lucille an ice cream, it was hard to tell what she would do.

After this weekend I'll never see her again, he told himself. All I have to do is get through these two days. Marry Marion. Ronnie should have a brother to grow up with. Not many boys his age around home.

He turned to go back to the truck. Lucille was looking at him. She...

She knew. She was sorry.

I love her, he thought, knew, realized. I love and pity her.

He tried to evoke in his mind the presence of Marion but all he could recall was the green nightdress she wore.

"I'm sorry," Lucille said. Tears had dried on her cheeks.

What am I ever going to do? he wondered.



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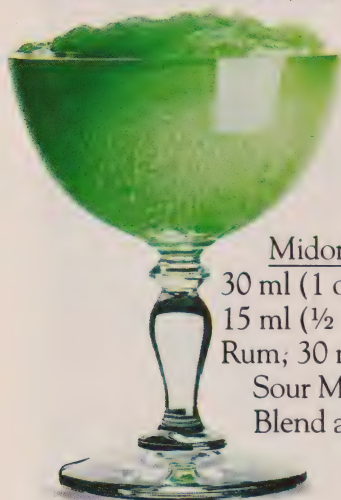


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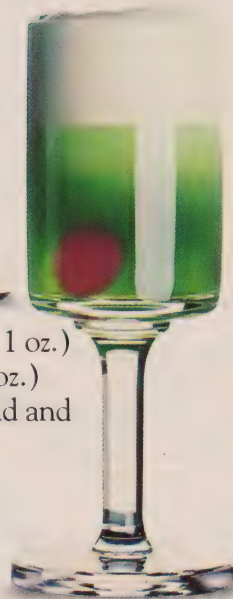
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Midori, 60 ml (2 oz.)  
Sour Mix. Blend and  
strain.



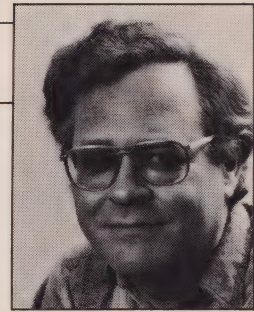
Midori  
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(2 oz.) Midori, 30 ml  
(1 oz.) Rum, 170 ml  
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with a little  
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# Is everybody ready for *The Bats of War?*



*Don't laugh. If The Fly could make it as a movie, these little fellows are at least worth a series*

**S**omerset Maugham said he could find the germ of a short story in the innards of any newspaper he picked up, but that was a long time ago. What the bowels of your daily paper provide now are snippets of ugly reality that just lie there waiting for a hustling filmwriter to flesh out as something he can peddle to a studio.

Here's one. A wants to kill his wife to collect \$100,000 insurance. B wants to kill *his* wife to live with another woman. They're co-workers in a computer firm near Washington, D.C., and they make a deal to kill each other's wives. A kills B's wife and baby daughter, rather bloodily, but before B gets around to murdering Mrs. A, the police catch them both. At a routine sentencing hearing for A, however, C, an undercover cop who, posing as a sleazy lawyer, has visited A in jail, testifies that A asked him to kill Mrs. A, which the tardy B had failed to do; to kill the two local cops who'd broken the case and, just to complete things, to kill good, old B as well. Now I ask you. Aren't the possibilities here as promising as a remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*? Keir Dullea would make a splendid A.

Then there are the science-horror films. If it hadn't been for "Ants Invade," the heading over an item the size of a postage stamp in the remotest depths of the Halifax *Herald*, I'd never have learned that "tiny, red, pharaoh ants have invaded operating rooms, intensive-care units and nurseries in Texas hospitals, posing a 'significant' risk to patients by feeding in open wounds, university researchers say." No doubt the patients have something to say about the situation, too. But if I could parlay that story into a horror-movie script, what a fortune I'd make. Would the patients turn into huge, deadly, ant-like zombies? Would Richard Widmark, the aging, canny public-health officer, somehow save the world?

Some argue that when newspapers cram their pages with cheap "fillers" from the wire agencies, they devote insufficient space to the more expensive coverage of Important Local Issues. But a part of me will always find zoning controversies less interesting than, say, the primeval catfish that have suddenly learned to crawl ashore and flop overland in Florida. Right now, they're making their way north, lake by lake, a slimy,

inexorable army. The story broke just after Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan complained to a Commons committee that, at a conference in Halifax, "we ate fish five times a day. That's why I'm so docile." Florida catfish have never accepted the theory that only meat-eating makes a man ferocious, and the further north they slither the wiser he'd be to latch his windows at night.

Does anyone remember *The Fly* (1958)? The imitable Vincent Price fails to notice a fly buzzing around while messing about with atoms in his lab. Somehow, he ends up with a man-sized, housefly's head on his shoulders — he drapes a towel over it to avoid distressing his wife — while the fly ends up with a fly-sized, Vincent-Price head. I may be confusing *The Fly* with its abominable sequels, but I recall Price's tiny head on its tiny winged body as he bleats at his wife to *do* something about his predicament. She can't hear him and, for lack of Raid, tries to whap him with a fly-swatter.

I thought of this movie immediately after Canadian Press told the world about the dreaded "flasp." The flasp has the head of a domestic housefly and the body not of a Vincent Price but of a wasp. It descended on the Laurentians in such hordes last summer that it scared the bejeebers out of a whole lot of Quebecers. Oh yes, acknowledged Diane Paré, a technician at provincial bug headquarters, "we've had many calls about the mysterious insect." She was at pains to explain that, although Quebec was indeed experimenting with insects to combat spruce budworm infestation, the province had not funded the creation of the flasp. I suspect the feds. Trudeau will stop at nothing to undermine René Lévesque.

Flasps may not be as good movie material as red ants who go for wounds but, as everyone knows, bats are unbeatable. I now look confidently forward to a sequel to *The Winds of War* entitled *The Bats of War*. Unless you regularly plow through the mundane local stuff in your daily paper in pursuit of the bizarre and nauseating, you probably don't know there's solid documentation for *The Bats of War*. It turns out that Lytle Adams, a Pennsylvania dentist, was driving home from Carlsberg Caverns, N.M., home to millions of bats, when he heard the Japanese had devastated Pearl

Harbor. Bats. The Japanese. The war. He put them all together and, strangely obsessed, he got the ear of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He persuaded Roosevelt to consider unleashing battalions of bats on those who'd perpetrated the day of infamy.

A top U.S. defence official agreed that, since the Japanese were superstitious, death-dealing bats would demoralize them, and I can't fault him there. Even harmless bats demoralize me, and I'm not superstitious. Anyway, Roosevelt rang in a couple of Harvard scientists, one of whom designed two-inch celluloid tubes. They planned to fill the tubes with napalm gel, fit them with timing devices, attach them with string to the bats' chests, and then keep the little fellows in cold storage so they'd hibernate till their moment of destiny. The air force, using cases specially designed to slow the descent of the bats, would carry out the great bat-bombing of the Japanese people. The bats would sneak into buildings, as bats do, bite through the strings on their chests and, if they were smart, leave their vile napalm droppings behind and get the hell out. Ka-boom! Japan would go bananas.

Trouble was, the bats objected to conscription. They were tough to capture, handle and force into hibernation. Moreover, the specially designed containers were less than parachute-like, and during tests they fell so fast that an awful lot of bats were smashed up before they even got to carry arms. Worst of all, at the California airport where all this was going on, unpatriotic bats, armed to the chest, escaped confinement and set fires to hangars, warehouses and a general's car.

I'm sorry, all you admirers of F. D. R., but I'm not making this up. It was all in an Associated Press story, and AP's source was *American Heritage* magazine. Adams was "squeezed out of the project after numerous disputes, including one time when he decided to release 10,000 bat bombs in the California desert." But later tests were sufficiently promising that the U.S. Navy, beginning in March, 1944, spent a couple of million on operation bat before they called it off for good.

*The Bats of War* might therefore have to be a shorter series than *The Winds of War*. Do I hear anyone complaining about that? Moreover, we'll need someone other than Robert Mitchum to play the mad dentist. Mitchum hasn't got the ears or the eyebrows for the part, or the fangs. ☒





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
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## What this country needs is a lot more politicians

*Poorly paid politicians, that is. That might put power back into the hands of us amateurs*

By Alden Nowlan

My fascination with the New Hampshire state legislature — its official title is the General Court of New Hampshire — began when I visited the state for the first time back in 1951, when I was 18. My host, a great-uncle who hailed from New Brunswick (actually he was the husband of a great-aunt who hailed from Nova Scotia), was the pastor of a Baptist church near the Vermont border. He was considerably alarmed because the state legislature had recently acquired swarms of new members of French-Canadian origin. It didn't bother him that they were French, but their being French meant that they were Catholic.

What fascinated me then and fascinates me still is that when the word "swarms" is used in connection with the New Hampshire state legislature, it is no exaggeration. With a total population of 936,000, the state has a House of Representatives containing 400 members. California, the most heavily populated state, with 24,196,000 people, manages to get by with 40 state senators and 80 assemblymen.

New Hampshire elects one representative for every 2,340 men, women and children in the state. If New Brunswick elected its Legislative Assembly on that basis, it would contain not 58 members as at present but 298. Nova Scotia would elect 362 legislators instead of 52; Prince Edward Island, 52 instead of 32; and Newfoundland, 242 instead of 52.

I've never observed the New Hampshire legislature in action, but I'm sure it must be more truly representative of the population as a whole, less prone to illusions of grandeur, and closer to the people than any other law-making body in North America. I base this assumption not merely on its size but on the fact that its members are paid only \$200 per session. Since they meet only once every two years, the state need shell out only \$40,000 a year in salaries for its entire House of Representatives.

If it were up to me, I'd install the New Hampshire system in all of Canada. Financially speaking, the trouble with our present system is not that our legislators don't earn the substantial salaries we pay them, but that they do earn them and ought not to. Almost by definition, a democracy is a state run by amateurs — in other words, by the people. A state

run by professional politicians isn't necessarily a dictatorship, but neither is it a democracy in the traditional sense of the term. The term "meritocracy" gets bandied about a good deal, usually in a context that implies that it is government by those best-equipped to govern. In practice, it generally means government by professional politicians.

We have developed a breed of politician unknown to our ancestors — the politician who has never been anything other than a politician. A classic example is Joe Clark, who has been a politician, and nothing but a politician, ever since he was a schoolboy. The world of politics is the only world in which he is comfortable, the only world he knows anything at all about.

Not so very many years ago, a politician was a man who engaged, often very successfully, in some other business,

trade or profession. Most of the time he was in his home community. Once or twice a year he went off for a few weeks or, at most, a few months to debate public issues with other men who spent most of their time in their home communities.

He might not have done much to help the jobless. But at least he didn't think of them as statistics. How could he, when he met them face to face every day on the streets of his home town, and knew their names and probably the names of their parents and children? He might not have evolved any solution to inflation, but he couldn't ignore it when, unlike today, it affected him, the politician, just as it affected everyone else.

If we in the Atlantic provinces elected a total of, say, 954 legislators to represent our 2,234,032 people, we wouldn't revolutionize our system of government. New Hampshire isn't Utopia, just another small, conservative state. But we couldn't help but take some of the power away from professional politicians — the clones of Joe Clark — and put it back in the hands of the amateurs, the people, which is where the democratic tradition says it belongs.

I would make one change in the New Hampshire system. Instead of that \$100 a year, I'd pay each of our legislators the legal minimum wage for each day the legislature was in session. ☒

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## Everybody's a loser in the trade of

# PROSTITUTION

*Everybody, that is, except  
the men who live off  
the earnings of their  
streetwalker victims*

By Roma Senn

**I**t's a bitter -12° Celsius in Halifax, the kind of night when you want to get indoors as fast as you can. An average-looking woman in her early 20s, hatless and bootless but wearing a silver-fox jacket and skimpy black skirt, paces the width of the walk in front of a townhouse on Barrington Street, near the lieutenant-governor's ritzy mansion. A Barrington Street prostitute recently told a newspaper reporter she made about \$90,000 annually, but it's hard to believe that anyone would stand outside in this cold unless she desperately needed the money — or somebody forced her to. The woman in the fox fur doesn't have long to wait, in any case. After a few minutes, a car pulls up and she rides away with a customer.

About 40 prostitutes work the streets near Halifax's downtown core — an area that's part commercial, part residential, part rundown, part trendy. Area residents say that prostitution became noticeable there nearly two years ago during the Halifax police strike, when women moved south from the heavily patrolled, vandalism-plagued Gottingen Street in the north end. The new territory is a well-lit, easy-stopping area with seedy hotels and vacant parking lots — all good conditions for the streetwalking business.

But in the past few years people have bought and renovated homes in the neighborhood, and they don't like what's happening to it. "It's not pleasant to walk around at night," says homeowner Milo Riding. She no longer lets her seven-year-old daughter out after dark. Even resi-

dents who stay indoors aren't immune to harassment. Last summer, as one resident sat in her living room reading a book, a man rang her doorbell and asked if she sold sex. She emphasized that she didn't. A few minutes later, he returned to ask whether she was simply haggling for a higher price. Sometimes, men looking for prostitutes drive down the street trailing women who are walking, often opening their windows for a closer inspection. Oc-

cidental effect on a neighborhood," says Howard McNutt of the Halifax Downtown Residents' Association, a group formed in 1981 to counter the growing number of street prostitutes. "After 30 years of neglect, this neighborhood is coming back." Maureen MacDonald, a community legal worker at Dalhousie Legal Aid in Halifax who's had prostitutes as clients, says residents are less concerned about harassment of



asionally prostitutes yell obscenities at female passersby. Last summer, a prostitute stabbed a waitress on the street as she stood waiting for a taxi outside a Barrington Street restaurant.

Residents worry that street prostitution attracts crime, drugs, undesirables. The prostitutes, they say, disrupt the neighborhood. They're noisy at night. They hurt legitimate business. Ginger's, a Hollis Street tavern popular with college kids, sees business slide as prostitution increases. "We don't get single ladies coming down here," says co-owner Wilfred Keefe. Ginger's management has instructed its staff to evict prostitutes who pop in to the tavern to get warm. "We've made it clear to them that they aren't welcome," Keefe says. A corner store owner says neighborhood women have told him they're nervous about even going to the store for a litre of milk after dark.

"The presence of prostitution has a

women than about declining property values. Area resident Milo Riding disagrees. She believes that the prostitutes are victims of male exploitation and need help.

Last winter, Riding represented her neighborhood at a workshop organized by the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women in Ottawa. The government-supported council expects to release in a few months a 150-page report on prostitution — a growing national problem — and how to deal with it. Although the subject is of vital concern to many women's groups from Vancouver to Halifax, the government-funded Nova Scotia Advisory Council on the Status of Women has no position on it. "We've never been asked to address the issue," says council president Francene Cosman.

When Halifax prostitutes began extending their territory downtown, residents of the area lobbied Halifax city



council for a bylaw to control street prostitution. Under the bylaw, which the province of Nova Scotia proclaimed in the fall, police charged 27 people, including six customers. Some prostitutes moved across the harbor to Dartmouth, which then proposed a similar bylaw. However, charges were dropped later after the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in January that Calgary's bylaw on prostitution was unconstitutional. The decision unofficially killed similar bylaws passed in cities such as Halifax, Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver. Now it's up to the feds to change legislation on soliciting. "The *Criminal Code* has to be amended," McNutt says. Section 195.1 of the *Code* declares: "Every person who solicits any persons in a public place for the purpose of prostitution is guilty of an offence punishable on summary conviction." It sounds straightforward, but several court decisions — notably a 1978 decision that requires a prostitute to engage in "press-

of the problem run deep. "Most prostitutes are poor, uneducated and unskilled," she says. Often, they're runaways with no place to go. (Halifax desperately needs emergency shelters to house homeless females before they're nabbed by pimps.) Women and girls who turn to prostitution generally have few job options. "Who wants to clean the Bank of Montreal tower at two in the morning?" MacDonald asks.

Angel says her situation is different from that of most of her co-workers in the Barrington Street district. Most are teenagers — often kids who've run away from home — with pimps to support. Angel, 31, says she's independent. When she entered the business five years ago, "I knew exactly what I was getting into." When her common-law husband "kicked me out," she was broke and needed to make money fast. Angel, a plain-looking blond who's sold her services across Canada, earns \$150 to \$250 a night.

It's all hers, tax-free. Most prostitutes can keep only part of their earnings; sometimes their pimps take all of it. "To get into the business you need a pimp," says Sergeant Stu Ryder of the RCMP in Halifax. "There are few prostitutes that don't have pimps." Supposedly, the pimp protects his prostitute, but he's often more abusive than most of the customers. A Halifax pimp recently burned both sides of his prostitute's hands on the burner of the stove. He didn't think she was making enough money. Customers have beaten Angel, threatened her with a weapon, sexually abused her, stolen her money. "You're always looking over your shoulder," she says. But she at least doesn't have to answer to a pimp. One pimp, Randall Braithwaite, 33, of Dartmouth, is serving a nine-year sentence in a federal penitentiary. His crimes included forcing a 15-year-old prostitute to fellate a dog, assault causing bodily harm, rape, forcing teens into prostitution, living on the avails of prostitution.

Braithwaite's method of operating was to prey on vulnerable teens, first treating them kindly, then persuading them to try selling sex. Then, he trapped them and took their money. One teenage girl, a runaway who was 14 when she met Braithwaite, ended up working for Braithwaite in California, his other base of operations. When she returned to Halifax, broke, homeless and hungry, she turned to Braithwaite, who slapped her, poured a mickey of rum down her throat and dragged her to his house in Dartmouth.


At a trial three years ago in Halifax, another teenage prostitute testified that one night she returned to Braithwaite's brother's house in Dartmouth with her evening earnings of \$360. Braithwaite took the money and gave her \$5. In another Halifax trial, a teenager said that she handed over to Braithwaite the \$100 to \$135 she made each night. He gave her cigarettes. "He forced me," she said. When she told him she didn't want to go out soliciting, he replied, "Well you're

going to whether you like it or not."

A Halifax policeman has speculated that getting rid of the man behind the woman could cut down on prostitution by 80% or more. But it's not that easy. Prostitutes rarely turn in their pimps. Women are often trapped in the trade. "It's very difficult to leave it even if they have the willingness," says Kathleen Jennex, a councillor in Halifax with Coverdale Trust, a non-government agency that helps young women in conflict with the law. Dr. Christina Simmons of Women Against Violence Against Women, a 60-member volunteer group in Halifax, says prostitution results from "the male domination of society." She quotes Kathleen Barry's *Female Sexual Slavery*, which contends that prostitution is not, in fact the oldest profession: Pimping is. "I don't think it's [prostitution] something a woman who has options chooses," Simmons says.

Probably not most women. But police say an unknown number of Halifax-Dartmouth women with full-time jobs turn a couple of tricks every month "to help pay the rent." And it's not only men who exploit women. One well-known madam, Ada McCallum, 74, of Dartmouth has run a call-girl service in the Halifax-Dartmouth area for years, using transient, out-of-town women. (Police say she doesn't want local women.) She sets them up in apartments in Halifax, phones in their assignments and takes a cut from their earnings, which they make between 3 p.m. and 5 a.m. They serve conventions, travelling businessmen and a steady local clientele. "For some, it's like getting your hair done every week," says the RCMP's Stu Ryder. In 1951, a court convicted McCallum of keeping a bawdy house, and from then on, "she's just never stopped being raided," says RCMP Constable Ken McKinnon. But it's never kept her out of business for long. "She's got some pretty prominent clients," he says. (He won't say who they are.) Currently McCallum is charged on five counts of failing to declare a total of \$139,281.81 in personal income.

Her business isn't the only one in the Halifax area, but most people don't seem concerned about call girl operations. But street prostitution has become a potentially explosive issue. In Vancouver last spring, there was a street fight between a group of men armed with baseball bats and an anti-prostitution group, the Concerned Residents of the West End. The organization wants the federal government to act now to amend the *Criminal Code*. "Unless they move they'll be condoning the destruction of residential neighborhoods," spokesman Gordon Price says.

More than neighborhoods are at stake. Prostitution injures nearly everyone it affects — especially the women involved. As Inspector Leo Storm of the Halifax Police Department observes, prostitution is not a victimless crime. "The prostitute," he says, "is the victim." 



ing or persistent" soliciting before an offence is committed — have made it almost unenforceable. McNutt wants the words "pressing or persistent" removed and enforcement stepped up against both customers and prostitutes.

Would that cut down on prostitution? Not in the opinion of one streetwalker, who calls herself Angel. Not surprisingly, she wants prostitution legalized. She's not unsympathetic to residents' concerns, but she says the harassment works both ways. College kids in residence at the Technical University of Nova Scotia across the street from where Angel works often throw eggs and tomatoes at her. If prostitutes could work in red-light districts or bawdy houses, she says, "we wouldn't have to tolerate that garbage."

Many people agree that legislation isn't the answer. "You can't legislate prostitution out of existence," Maureen MacDonald of Dal Legal Aid says. The roots



# An eclectic cook

*In her charming, cosy New Brunswick kitchen, Rita Rhinelander whips up delicious dishes from around the world*

By Pat Lotz

**R**ita Rhinelander comes from Holland but she confesses she doesn't serve Dutch food very often. Since she left her homeland 22 years ago, at age 19, she has lived in several countries and developed eclectic culinary tastes.

It started in Finland where she lived for a year. "I didn't have anything much to do," she recalls, "so I spent the time learning to cook Finnish food." Five months in Moscow broadened her repertoire. And then Greece. "I love Greek food," she says, then pauses. "I guess I just love food, period."

Rhinelander lives in Silverwood, near Fredericton, N.B., with Don Fowler and her two children, Bear, 12, and Sarah, 9, in a 107-year-old house she and Fowler bought two years ago. It's located opposite the famous Hartt pool which, until the Mactaquac Dam was built, was the finest salmon pool on the Saint John River.

There's still a lot of work to be done before the two-storey, white clapboard house is renovated to the new owners' complete satisfaction, but the beautifully restored kitchen is evidence of Rhinelander's decorating skills (she works as an interior decorator for Ross Ventures in Fredericton). Made from the original kitchen and two small adjoining rooms, it is dominated by a large, central open brick fireplace around which the family gathers after school and work. The working area is only separated by a pine counter so that Rhinelander can join in family conversations while she cooks. Old beams, adorned with herbs and spices, and the mellow glow of pine from floorboards and furniture combine to create a mood of tranquillity. An antique pine hutch along the wall opposite the fireplace is one of many antiques throughout the house that Rhinelander has refinished.

In this setting, Rhinelander produces delicious meals, like the one featured here. With the hearty *Gehakt ballen*, she suggests you serve just one of the two appetizers. The sauce she serves with the asparagus can also be used for shrimp. "I was absolutely shocked when I came over here and found I was supposed to eat shrimp with that horrible red stuff all over it." Shrimp, crab and other seafood have such a delicate flavor, she points out, they should never be served with a sharp sauce. Serve the tiniest peas you can find with the meatballs. In Holland, says Rhinelander, "the smaller the peas,

the classier the meal." The *appeltaart* she features for dessert is often served with mid-morning coffee in Holland. There, she says, "you never have just coffee in the morning."

Now, kerosene lamps on the counter are filling the kitchen with a soft glow, the candles on the big, round pine table in the window have been lit and the meal is ready. A perfect ending to the day.

## Asperges Punten mit Mayonaise (Cold Asparagus with Cream Sauce)

3 tbsp. mayonnaise  
1 tbsp. tomato purée  
3 tbsp. dry sherry  
1/2 cup whipping cream  
salt and pepper to taste  
cooked asparagus (fresh, frozen or in 2 cans)

Combine first 3 ingredients. Whip the cream and fold into mixture. Season to taste and serve on asparagus. Serves 6.

## Russische Eieren (Russian Eggs)

1 package frozen macédoine vegetables  
2 boiled medium-size potatoes  
3/4 cup mayonnaise (preferably home-made)  
6 hard-boiled eggs  
anchovies

Cook mixed vegetables according to package directions. Cool. Cube the cooked potatoes, mix with vegetables and 4 tbsp. mayonnaise and spread on a platter. Cut the eggs in half and arrange, cut side down, over the vegetables. Coat the eggs with remaining mayonnaise thinned with a little dry white wine and top with criss-crosses of anchovy strips. Garnish platter with cold beet slices and dill pickles.

## Gehakt Ballen (Dutch Meatballs)

1 1/2 lbs. lean hamburger  
3/4 lb. ground pork  
4 cups soft bread crumbs  
1 egg  
1 heaped tsp. grated nutmeg  
2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. pepper  
dried bread crumbs  
1/2 cup butter

Soak soft bread crumbs in some milk, then squeeze out the milk. Mix well with ground meat, egg, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Shape the mixture into 6 large balls and roll in dried bread crumbs.

PHOTOS BY DON JOHNSON



Rhinelander: The travelling gourmet

Melt butter in large cast-iron skillet or pan, add meatballs and cook over medium heat for about 3/4 hour, turning them occasionally. Transfer cooked meatballs to a platter and keep warm. When liquid in pan has cooled slightly, skim off the fat and add about 3/4 cup of water or milk, scraping the bottom of the pan. Bring to a fast boil, pour over meatballs and serve with peas, carrots and boiled potatoes.

## Appeltaart

(Lattice-topped Apple Pie)

2 cups flour  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 tbsp. baking powder  
Dash salt  
1/2 cup soft butter  
1 egg  
1 1/2 lbs. sour apples  
1/2 cup sugar  
3/4 cup currants  
grated rind of 1 lemon

Sift together first 4 ingredients. Add butter and egg and knead mixture gently until it can be formed into a ball. Wrap, and refrigerate for 1/2 hour. Peel apples and cut into small pieces. Combine with sugar, currants and grated lemon peel. Butter a 9-inch springform pan. Reserve some dough for lattice strips, roll out remainder and line pan, allowing an extra 1/2 inch over the top. Fill with apple mixture. Cut strips from reserved dough and arrange over top of pie in a lattice weave. Wet ends of strips and fold the 1/2 inch of dough over them. Brush pastry with beaten egg and bake in a preheated 350° F. oven for about 1 hour.







## A city artist's country journal

*Since he started his documentary of life in the Annapolis Valley, Ken Tolmie has watched his paintings soar in price. He predicts the best is yet to come: His real fans haven't been born yet*

By Pam Lutz

**T**he hunter, dressed in red, aims at a border collie. The dog's tail is wagging. He looks expectantly, trustingly into the gun barrel.

It's not a pretty painting. But then, Nova Scotia artist Ken Tolmie didn't intend it to be. Like many of his better-known paintings, "The Hunter" is an attempt by this city-bred artist to depict the reality of rural life — sometimes pleasant, sometimes harsh — in Atlantic Canada. "If the urban viewer is upset by that painting," Tolmie says of his most controversial work, "it's because they are either ignorant of, or have forgotten, the implications of living in a rural setting."

To capture the essence of that life, Tolmie, who describes himself as a "social-realist" painter, moved in 1977 to Bridgetown, N.S., in the heart of the Annapolis Valley. He sat in on political discussions, went ice-fishing on the Annapolis River and photographed and painted people — as well as their cows, cats, homes and trucks — in pastures, beside barns, in restaurants. The 35 paintings he produced from that period, known as the Bridgetown Series, is a distillation of social and cultural life in small-town Canada.

Today, Tolmie, 41, is back in Halifax, where he was born and raised and is considering attempting a similar record of life in that city. "I'm in a transition period, right now," he says. "I'm getting the feel of Halifax and whether or not I could do something on the urban personality here." But he hasn't *really* left Bridgetown and the rural life. He's still commuting to the Valley to collect material for part two of the Bridgetown Series. In February, he was completing a winter street scene: Two dogs wait in the back of a green, half-ton Chev truck, parked at a lopsided angle; one dog stares at something out of the viewer's range, while the other cranes its neck, barking a warning to passersby. Tolmie hopes to focus some paintings on women of the Bridgetown area. They are, he says, "the backbone of the place."

Despite all the time Tolmie spent among rural people, their small-town casualness doesn't seem to have rubbed off on him. A tall man — six-foot-one

to be left alone; he needs 12 hours a day to himself. "If anyone gets into my own personal space, I get terribly nervous," he says. He's a late riser, and his working day begins when the house empties — when his wife, Ruth, goes to her job as a librarian at Dalhousie University, and their daughters, Jane, 12, and Sara, 8, go to school. Skipping breakfast, he heads for his tiny, blue-painted studio. Hooked rugs that have been passed down through generations of his family, are scattered around the floor. Paintings rest against a slab of barnboard that passes for a palette.



"The Hunter" is a controversial work

— who speaks and moves rapidly, he has the erect bearing and pin-striped dress of a big-city politician (he loves politics, in fact, and says he'd like to be in the Senate in 30 years). He looks like a member of the Rotary Club, and he is. "I've got my old school tie on, and I look like a banker," he says. "I hate looking like a slob. In fact, if I weren't an artist, I'd probably be a professional."

Tolmie, the only artist in his clan, was raised in an urban, middle-class family — his father was manager of Canadian Industries Ltd. in Halifax — and he's proud of the fact that his relatives have included lawyers, Rhodes scholars and, in the Thirties, even a premier of British Columbia. But he became closely acquainted with rural life as a child, when he used to spend school holidays visiting relatives' farms. Later, he developed his painting style, capturing on canvas rural scenes near Peterborough, Ont., the home of his Scottish pioneering ancestors.

He lives now in Halifax's expensive south end, overlooking the Northwest Arm. When he's working, he demands



DAVID NICHOLS

Tolmie needs 12 hours a day alone



His craft, he says, can be "quite tiresome and boring. The first three hours, I sometimes feel, gee, I'd like to quit today and go do something else." Sometimes he does, climbing into his flashy, red Triumph TR-7 convertible ("It's even got hidden headlights") for a drive to the country. He also loves to play tennis. "An artist as good as me who plays tennis as well as I do is quite rare," he says, tongue-in cheek.

Tolmie developed his self-assurance at an early age. At 16, as he was beginning his Grade 12 year at Queen Elizabeth High School, he marched one day to the front of his classroom. "Good-bye," he said, shaking his teacher's hand. "I'll never be back." Tolmie, who'd

decided to become an artist, enrolled in the fine arts program at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B. Along with two other well-known realists, Nova Scotia's Tom Forrestall and Newfoundland's Christopher Pratt, Tolmie studied art history and sculpture — but not technique — from the father of magic realism, Alex Colville. "He didn't really teach the realists," Tolmie says. "All of us would have developed pretty much the same, anyway."

In 1962, the year he graduated, Tolmie had his first exhibition — at Halifax's Zwicker's Gallery, which today handles about a third of his work. "When he first came to see me," gallery owner Ian Muncaster says, "his work

had much more of a surrealist tone, more of an interplay of light, form and shape. His work now is not only technically good, but it's infused with a feeling for people, time and place."

Tolmie developed his artist's eye and his technical skill travelling in Europe in the early Sixties (he studied art in England and Spain) and painting in Toronto, Vancouver and Ottawa. "After 15 years, I found out *how* to do it," he says, "but I was looking for *where*." After spending six months on the road across Canada, looking for a place to settle, he finally landed in Bridgetown.

Today, his work hangs in the National Gallery of Canada, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and galleries throughout Atlantic Canada. He paints about 20 major pieces a year and sells about half his paintings himself, at prices of \$1,300 to \$10,000. "About four and a half years ago," he says, "I was one of the best investments in Canada. You could buy a work for \$500."

If there's criticism of his work, it's that it's a bit too technically flawless. Bob Dietz of Halifax's Dresden Galleries says Tolmie is "a good artist who produces clean work and excellent craftsmanship. In fact, his work is too perfect, which results in a lack of warmth, at least for me."

Tolmie takes delight in ruffling feathers in the art world with outspoken criticism of his own. "I only rub the bad guys the wrong way," he says. A favorite target is art education — specifically the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. "Why aren't Nova Scotians hired [as teachers]?" he asks. "Because most of the people working there are foreigners who bring in all their friends." Why, he asks, hasn't Nova Scotia produced more fine artists? Partly, it's because the province's art teachers "get an MA degree but have never been artists. The person who teaches art should be older, with a chunk of his career behind him. It's a shame for the taxpayers."

Only one painting hangs in Tolmie's own living room. It's one of his own, a portrait of a truck in Bridgetown. More of his work around the house would be "too distracting when I'm working on something else," he says. "Besides, I can't afford it." As for other artists' work: "I don't have any favorite artist in Canada."

But he is enjoying his own success. He's had exhibitions across the country. CBC television has produced a profile of him. Six years ago, he even wrote and illustrated a children's book, *A Tale of an Egg*.

And the best, he's convinced, is yet to come. "I don't think my audience has been born yet," he says. "You have to convert people over the long haul." He figures his work will be remembered long after he's gone. "I've got 10 more years of painting left before my eyes give out. And I intend to make a contribution to Canadian culture whether people like it or not."



"Raymond Longley's Truck" (above) hangs in his living room; "Barking Dog" (below) is from part two of the Bridgetown Series





# Washington's the city where sound travels faster than light

*It's also the city famous for  
sweet magnolias, fine food, the  
French fact and that other  
Trudeau — Garry*

By Julianne Labreche

**N**ot long ago, this letter appeared in a Sunday magazine supplement to *The Washington Post*: "How does a man like Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau find time to do a comic strip like *Doonsbury*? Does he do it while his wife is out on the town, as I hear she often is? Also, why does he satirize American life when he is from Canada?" Signed, A. Pin.

The American's confusion over our Pierre Trudeau and Garry Trudeau, the sardonic American cartoonist, quickly reinforced for me, after only hours in Washington, D.C., just how far away Ottawa really is from the American mind. Funny thing, though. After I'd spent a few days roaming the lovely magnolia and cherry tree-lined streets of America's capital, passing White House aides, lawyers, lobbyists, secret service men, joggers, preppies, anti-war demonstrators and unemployed young blacks, *Doonsbury's* Washington-centred cartoon strip began to take on new life. And Ottawa, my point of departure, suddenly did feel a million miles away.

Washington place names like Watergate, the White House and Capitol Hill were part of my Canadian upbringing. But other places — names instantly recognizable to any American school kid — including Mount Vernon, a rambling Virginia plantation a few miles outside of Washington where George and Martha Washington and their 317 slaves resided, or Ford's Theater, the restored playhouse (still staging productions today) where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, are not.



Capitol Hill: Senators have *real* power; bureaucrats work harder than those in Ottawa

Political differences run even deeper. In Washington, senators have *real* power and aren't just rewarded party faithful. Wisecracks abound about the ineptitude of federal bureaucrats, but here, civil servants generally work longer hours for less pay than their Ottawa counterparts. And, oddly enough, Washingtonians seem to have an even greater love affair with French than does bilingual Ottawa. One Washington guide book points out there are about 70 restaurants with menus in French. (Well, sort of. They keep lapsing into English, as in "Lobster en Bellevue with Sauce Remoulade.") The city was even designed by a Frenchman, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who died in obscurity back in 1791. His traffic circles, or *rond points*, are the curse of visiting drivers. People say L'Enfant designed a traffic circle wherever he put down his beer mug on his city plan.

While the party circuit in Canada's capital is reported to be dull, Washington parties are just dressed up extensions of the working day. Shop talk — government style — never stops. As one senior American official once said: "Washington's the only town in the world where

sound travels faster than light."

According to Diana McLellan, who writes the popular Washington gossip column "The Ear," the only folks who actually live in this city are "important, very rich or very poor." The price of Washington real estate has skyrocketed in recent years, driving middle-class families to suburbs in the bordering states of Virginia and Maryland. Every morning, spouses drop off their mates at suburban subway stops that read: "Kiss and Ride."

Despite the high crime rate, the city itself feels comfortably small because of height restrictions that prevent the construction of skyscrapers. It's a southern city, with a population that is 70.3% black — the highest percentage of black population in any major American city. Washington too has its two solitudes. For while more blacks have risen to the ranks of the middle class, the city, socially, at least, is still largely segregated.

In fact, so afraid were southerners that political power might get into the hands of the growing black population that it wasn't until 1964 that Washington residents, black or white, could vote for president. And it wasn't until 1974 that



Washingtonians first elected a mayor and city council. Before that, its municipal ordinances were passed by Congress. Today, a black mayor, Marion Barry, an activist in the civil rights movement of the Sixties, runs the city, drawing support from both blacks and whites.

Poorer people in Washington live everywhere except in the affluent northwest part of the city. Many well-to-do are attracted to Georgetown, where the median price for a fashionably restored old Victorian or Georgian townhouse with a tiny walled garden is about \$225,000. Virginia Senator John Warner and his former wife, actress Elizabeth Taylor, lived there. So did Jacqueline Kennedy after President Kennedy's assassination.

Georgetown is also Washington's front porch. Washingtonians feel safe walking the crowded, brightly lit little streets after dark, heading for Georgetown's tiny, chic restaurants and bars

personalities. During Jimmy Carter's day, Pisces, one Georgetown club, offered its members Carter coffee, made by whirling hot coffee in a blender with sugar and peanut butter. Following the Janet Cooke affair, in which a *Washington Post* reporter won a Pulitzer Prize for a series on a young heroin addict, only to admit later she falsified the story, Bob's Famous Ice-Cream Shoppe rather heartedly advertised its Janet Cooke sundae this way: "You Trust Us Completely and We Make the Whole Thing Up."

Sixteen Hundred Pennsylvania Avenue has to be the most popular address in town. It's the White House, situated downtown in the shopping and business district of Washington. Every day, throngs of tourists wait patiently in line for a brief tour of President Ronald Reagan's official residence and maybe,

dining room where 140 people can be seated comfortably. On display, too, is a place setting of Nancy Reagan's ivory, red and gold dinnerware set that cost \$209,440 — a luxury considered controversial at a time when school lunch milk programs in America were being cut.

Back outside, it's easy to take the Metro — Washington's new subway system — and explore the city's many national monuments, historic sites and museums. It's clean, modern and safe — even if the computerized ticket system is confusing, at first. Cabs are generally cheap. Fares from the White House to the major tourist attractions downtown usually run about \$3.

One metro stop that definitely mustn't be ignored is the Smithsonian Institution. Here, seven great national museums and galleries stretch down the Mall to Capitol Hill. Funding for the world's largest museum complex was



#### The White House offers public tours

where crowds linger until 2 a.m. or so, when alcohol is no longer served.

Whatever your palate craves, a Georgetown restaurant awaits. Au Pied De Cochon serves simple and delicious *coq au vin*. Enriqueta's offers gourmet Mexican food — the best I've tasted — definitely a world above the usual tacos and enchiladas. And A Piece of Cake lures customers with a front window display of fresh fruit tarts and creamy rich pastries.

According to McLellan, some Georgetown restaurateurs rename their dishes to honor Washington's big-name

just maybe, a glimpse of the man himself. Sometimes, he and Nancy can be seen alighting from the presidential helicopter on the south lawn. On the cool, sunny day that I and two Canadian friends toured the White House, at least 5,000 people must have been waiting in line. It took nearly two hours before we even reached the entry. Such crowds, guards told us, are not uncommon.

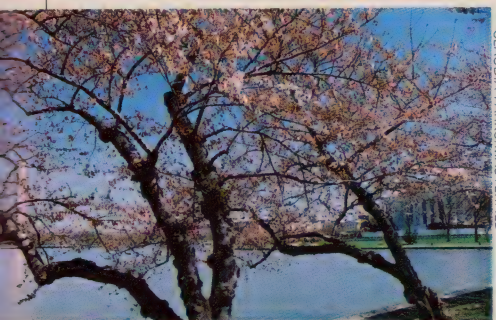
Despite the assassination attempt last year on the president's life, the White House is the only residence of a head of state anywhere that offers public tours. But the security people take no chances. At the White House entry, everyone must pass through a kind of electronic surveillance system like those at most North American airports. Purses and camera bags are carefully searched. Going through American customs is a lot easier.

After the long wait, the walk through the White House was a hurried, frantic affair that lasted about 15 minutes. Visitors can't expect to see the president scurrying to shave or Nancy having morning coffee (the private quarters are upstairs), but we did get a glimpse of the official reception rooms and the state

initiated when James Smithson, an illegitimate son of the British Duke of Northumberland, left a quirky provision in his will back in 1826 that the whole of his fortune — \$541,379.63 — go to a country he had never seen, to found "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

The museum's displays seem infinite. But some sights shouldn't be missed. Mounted in the Rotunda of the Natural History Building is the largest elephant ever recorded in modern times, weighing eight tons. Another great favorite is the First Ladies Hall, where gowns worn by each of the American presidents' wives are displayed. Visitors can also see George Washington's false teeth, the Hope diamond (weighing 44.5 pounds) and the insect zoo, with live insects. In the popular National Air and Space Museum, there's the "Skylab" Orbital Workshop, where visitors can walk through a space station.

Many of the Smithsonian objects are gifts from American people. Among the unsolicited objects mailed in was an undershirt worn by a man whose wife had long ago threatened she'd donate it to the museum unless he



CLAUDIA PARKS/MASTERFILE

The streets are lined with cherry trees



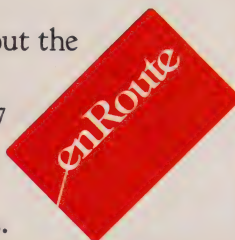
ANTIGONISH: Lobster Treat. BADDECK: Gisele's. BEDFORD: Jade Garden, Hakespears. CHARLOTTETOWN: Minnie's Dining Room. CHESTER: Captain's Table. DARTMOUTH: Top Of The Cove, Clipper Two. FREDERICTON: Once Upon A Stove. HALIFAX: Garden View, McKelvies, Thackerays, O'Carrolls, The Keg, Privateers Warehouse, Chinatown, Clipper Cay, King Arthurs Court, Les Deux Amies, Old Spaghetti Factory, The Wharf, L'Évangeline, Da's Restaurant. KINGSTON: Aurora Dining Room. MONCTON: Ziggy, Chez Jean Pierre, Cy's Seafoods. NEW MINAS: White Spot. SHEDIAC, N.B.: Fisherman's Paradise. ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.: Act III, Sergio's Place, Smithy Piano Bar. ST. JOHN'S: Loyalist Dining Room, Colonial Inn. SYDNEY: Petit Jean, Joe's Warehouse, Grubstake Dining Room. YARMOUTH: Captain Kellys.

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## TRAVEL

gave it up. Some gifts are returned.

A famous American president once described Washington as "the crime capital of the nation." He didn't elaborate but maybe he was thinking of the firearms that rest beside many a Washingtonian's bed. Or the heavy grids that cover many inner city windows. Whatever his reasoning, the description seems apt. Especially considering that the president's name was Richard M. Nixon.

Imagine, then, my horror when, at the end of another sunny Washington day, an ill-clad stranger headed toward our car as I sat alone in the passenger seat, engine idling and windows down. Our eyes met. I feared the worst. Imagine, too, my red-faced embarrassment when, pointing to a nearby empty parking meter, he grinned and said: "Meter man comin' ma'am?" Putting a quarter into the meter and thanking that kind man, I resolved to use some street smarts and not let the city's crime rate — lower, after all, than New York's or Miami's — spoil what was otherwise turning out to be an exciting, glamorous city.

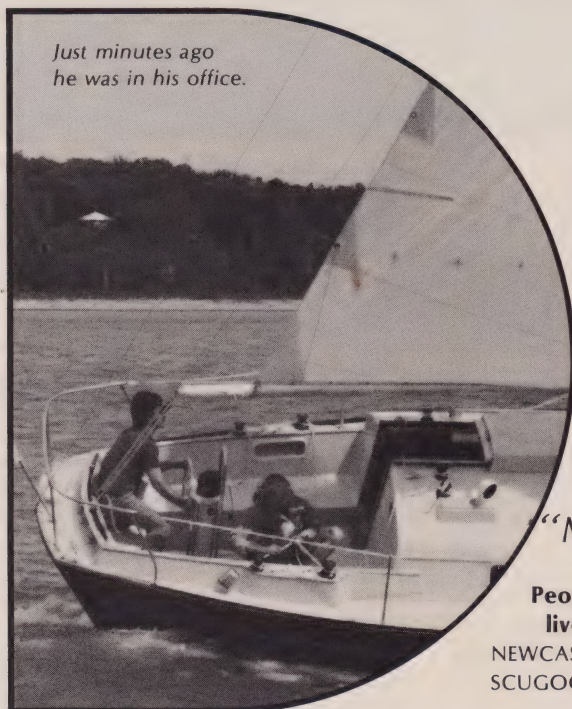
But Washingtonians themselves are scared stiff of crime and rarely walk the streets in the rougher parts of the city at night. The District of Columbia campaigns to cut the crime rate. Once, it introduced a handsome anti-crime flag to announce a campaign. Unfortunately, it was stolen.

No visitor to Washington these days wants to leave without a glimpse of the Watergate. It's a set of residential and commercial buildings set together on the Potomac River, about seven blocks from the White House. There are no tours of the burgled Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Watergate office building, but you can drive by. Many rich Republicans make Watergate their home. Two-bedroom suites sell for about \$750,000.

Probably the best tour in town, for anyone who enjoys cops-and-robbers stuff, is the J. Edgar Hoover FBI Building. Feeling like kids again, my friends and I looked at guns used by John Dillinger and other gangsters, watched film clips of actual bank robberies and studied the photos of the Ten Most Wanted Persons (nine men and a women) in the United States today. Our guide advised us to study the photos carefully — one out-of-town couple once recognized their next door neighbor, who was apprehended by the FBI the next day.

Upstairs, you can see FBI staff at work, studying fingerprints, analysing blood samples, performing microscopic analysis. From a paint chip off a car, these investigators can determine the make and year of the car and whether it's been repainted.

At the end of our tour, there was a shooting demonstration and a question-and-answer session. "Do you use real



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**Affluent Georgetown:** The median price for a restored townhouse is \$225,000

bullets?" a little boy asked the brawny FBI agent. In a deep, husky voice, the agent loudly replied: "Real men use real bullets." FBI agents do not eat quiche.

What Canadian doesn't remember that grim day in 1963 when John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot? Today, thousands of tourists, American and Canadian alike, flock to Arlington Cemetery in Washington where John Kennedy and his brother Robert are buried. The Eternal Flame marks J. F. Kennedy's simple grave site, which is covered with rough fieldstone from Cape Cod.

The view from the site is the finest in Washington. That, in itself, has a certain irony. Only 11 days before his assassination Kennedy attended a reception at Arlington House, a mansion on the cemetery grounds, once owned by Robert E. Lee. Staring out the window he remarked: "I could stay here forever."


Past the cemetery, the road leads south toward Mount Vernon. The plantation there has been carefully tended and many of the original buildings, including George Washington's old mansion, still exist. Only the coach house, greenhouse and slave quarters have been reconstructed. Washington was an avid horticulturist and the botanical garden there today was developed after research through Washington's diaries and letters.

On the way back, we spent a few hours strolling through Alexandria, Va. — a trip worth the detour. It was founded by Scottish merchants in 1749 and is the oldest area around Washington. Antique stores, seafood restaurants and art galleries abound. At a wonderful European bakery on King Street, called Bread

& Chocolate, we sipped *café au lait* and munched crispy, nut-filled croissants.

Every year, to celebrate its Scottish heritage, Alexandria hosts The Highland Games. Clans from around eastern Canada and the United States compete in highland dancing and bagpipe playing and watch the sheepdog trials. The afternoon we attended, southerners with thick drawls that brought back memories of *Gone With the Wind* packed the stands. A bearded American in a tartan kilt made the introductions at the microphones, liberally peppering his phrases with "y'alls." It was like watching a Chinese football game.

**S**trangers distrust Washington. Even my closest friends related gruesome details of yet another late-night Washington mugging. Crime exists all right. But what friends neglected to say was how beautiful Washington is in springtime — the best season to visit — when the cherry trees are in bloom. Or how mild the climate is. Whenever it snows, maybe twice a year, locals tell me the city completely closes down.

Most important, nobody said how friendly and helpful Washingtonians are; from the waitress at the American Café in Georgetown who, between chili dogs and cheesecake, offered investment tips, to a new friend at Washington's famous Library of Congress who, knowing my nationality, handed me a *New York Times* clipping one day with the explanation: "It's all about your leader, you know . . . Mr. what's-his-name." I thanked him. And wondered if his pen name was A. Pin. 

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## Reality and fakery from the region's photographic past

By Roma Senn

**T**he *Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918*, which opens this month in Summerside, P.E.I., Fredericton, St. John's and Halifax, is a lively collection of historical photographs from these communities — and others. Four identical exhibits of 35 photos from the Halifax studios of turn-of-the-century photographer Oliver Massie Hill accompany 35 empty frames for each exhibitor to fill. No one knows who came up with that novel idea but it's caught the imagination of the 32 communities in the Atlantic provinces — from Happy Valley, Lab., to Dalhousie, N.B. — who'll stage the exhibit in the next 16 months, before the start of a national tour. "It isn't your ordinary travelling exhibit," says Gary Hughes, of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John.

At the première three years ago of the National Film Board's *Fixed In Time: A Victorian Album*, a fast-paced film about Oliver Massie Hill, Mary Sparling, art gallery director at Halifax's Mount



NOTTMAN STUDIO

The Morrison children,  
Halifax, about 1880



Looking up George  
Street, Halifax,  
about 1880

NOTTMAN STUDIO



Saint Vincent University, dreamed of an exhibit based on the film's fabulous photographs. "I was intrigued by how photographs had made history so lively," Sparling says. "It seemed like an easy way to explore the past." The film, directed by the NFB's Shelagh Mackenzie in Halifax, became the takeoff for *The Past in Focus*, a \$65,000 exhibit funded by National Museums of Canada and the National Film Board. The package includes a loose-leaf catalogue to which each exhibitor can contribute, four prints of the Hill film to travel with each exhibit, audio tapes for broadcast on CBC radio and for school use, workbooks for pupils in the region.

Sparling says the original organizers, "a freewheeling sort of group" from various Nova Scotian institutions, decided after a few meetings that smaller galleries might like to show the Notman collection. (William Notman of Montreal owned the Notman Photographic Gallery in Halifax which Hill ran.) The organizers knew that the small galleries could contribute too and they asked representatives from the three other provinces to come to Halifax. And the local exhibit co-ordinators, in turn, encouraged people in their communities to raid attics and drawers for old pictures.

The community contributions tend to be more broadly based than the Hill photographs, which clearly reflect a professional's view of the upper-middle class. One image shows three dour men posing in his Barrington Street gallery with what were probably stuffed pets.



H.M. Wylde and friends, about 1890: Are the animals stuffed?



A view from Citadel Hill, Halifax, about 1883



## PHOTOGRAPHY

(The men look stuffed too," Shelagh Mackenzie jokes.) A cat's front paws are propped on one of the subjects' arms and a funny-looking dog sits between two of them.

At the gala investiture of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General in 1878, 434 citizens jammed Province House making it impossible for Hill to capture the whole scene. A Montreal artist painted a picture of the room, then Hill asked everyone who attended the event to come and be photographed at his studio. Afterward, he carefully pasted the individual portraits onto the Province

House picture before rephotographing the "composite." Hill could arrange guests where he liked and managed to locate himself and his wife prominently. Mackenzie, Scott Robson, a curator at the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax, and Roger Crowther, a historian at Saint Mary's University, selected the Notman photographs for the exhibit from 300 choices — and got bleary-eyed examining each face at the investiture, with a magnifying glass. "It's great fun to explore a photograph with someone," Robson says.

The Black Cultural Centre in Dart-

mouth provided half the collection for the Halifax exhibit (Mount Saint Vincent University which organized the exhibit with the NFB's Atlantic studio opens *The Past in Focus* April 8) and gathered together for the first time pictures of Nova Scotia's black community. Centre curator Henry Bishop points out that they found a picture of James Johnston, a prominent Halifax lawyer and the first black Nova Scotian to graduate from Dalhousie Law School in the early 1890s. Johnston was later tragically murdered by a member of his own family. The centre also found a picture of an all-black hockey team ("A lot of people had the impression blacks couldn't play," Bishop says) and an army battalion leaving from Truro, N.S., for the First World War.

Some of the Newfoundland negatives, says provincial co-ordinator Antonia McGrath of St. John's, are "highly retouched to give them a romantic look." There are staged scenes showing rivers packed with fish — probably used for promotion. Others "give you a real feel for early Newfoundland." S. H. Parsons, who ran a studio in St. John's,

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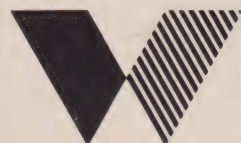
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Manipulating photography to create a particular image wasn't uncommon a century ago. In Saint John, Gary Hughes notes that if ships weren't anchored in port when the photographer wanted to show a ship-filled harbor "he'd put them in." Trude Oliver, however, sees little evidence of that in early Prince Edward Island photography. The popular works of amateur Albert Mitchell, "a very religious man," show clean sharp portraits, Island scenes and, not surprisingly, "no photographs of wild parties."

Some of the many uses of retouching haven't changed much over the years. In one proof that an elegantly clad woman decided not to pick, after a sitting with Oliver Massie Hill, her face is wrinkled. On the picture she chose, she's wrinkle free.

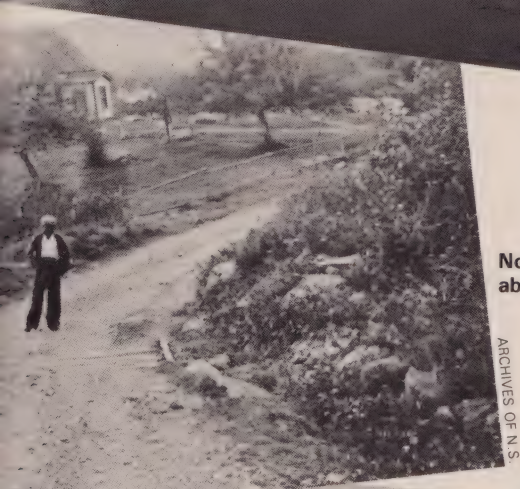






A. W. MITCHELL

Stanhope Beach,  
P.E.I., about 1895:  
No wild parties



North Preston, Halifax County,  
about 1933

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After a fire in St. John's, Nfld.,  
about 1892



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**CALENDAR**

**NEW BRUNSWICK**

April — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Arms and the Man," April 16-23, Fredericton; April 25, Edmundston; April 26, Campbellton; April 27, Bathurst; April 28, Chatham/Newcastle; April 29-May 2, Moncton/Riverview; May 3, Sussex; May 4-6, Saint John; May 7, St. Stephen

April — Théâtre populaire du Quebec presents "Môman," April 7, Université de Moncton; April 12, W.A. Losier High School, Tracadie

April 1-May 15 — The Warren Anderson Railway Collection: Railway memorabilia, N.B. Museum, Saint John

April 1-May 15 — Recent Works: Thirty oils on canvas by Fredericton artist Brian McKinnon, N.B. Museum, Saint John

April 5-28 — "Seeing Is Believing": A stained glass exhibit, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John

April 7-10 — Labatt Hockey Tournament, Edmundston

April 13-16 — Saint John High School presents "My Fair Lady," Saint John

April 19-23 — Kennebecasis Valley High School presents "Anything Goes," Kennebecasis

April 19-24 — YWCA Quilt Fair: Exhibit and sale, Moncton Museum

April 22-May 22 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

April 25-May 21 — Collection of Sax Instruments from Belgium, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

April 28-May 7 — 47th Annual New Brunswick Competitive Music Festival, Saint John

**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

April — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," April 1-22, Summerside; April 27-May 25, Charlottetown

April 9 — P.E.I. Symphony with guest conductor Voltr Ivonottski, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

April 11-23 — Annual School of Visual Arts Staff Show, Holland College, School of Visual Arts Gallery, Charlottetown

April 14 — Ballet Etc...presents "Spring Performance '83," Confederation Centre

April 17 — Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents pianist Roman Rudnytsky, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

April 20-May 22 — Eli Bornstein: Selected Works, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 25-30 — Display by Weaving Students, Holland College, School of

Visual Arts Gallery

April 27-May 29 — Contemporary Dutch Jewelry, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

**NOVA SCOTIA**

April 1-May 6 — Regional Realism: An exhibit of 50 works, Sherbrooke Village Art Gallery

April 2-May 8 — "Spirits of Earth and Water": Prehistoric Dorset Culture, from 3000 years ago to 500 years ago, N.S. Museum, Halifax

April 3 — Nova Scotia Wind Ensemble, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 3 — Nova Scotia Voyageurs vs. Moncton Alpines, Metro Centre, Halifax

April 8, 9 — "Spring in the Valley": Antique art and craft show, Old Orchard Inn, Wolfville

April 8-10 — 3rd Annual Spring Youth Sing, Greenvale School, Dartmouth

April 8-May 8 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album before 1918," Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

April 13-16 — Antiques Showsales, Halifax Shopping Centre

April 14 — Dalart Trio: A piano trio, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 15-May 8 — Neptune Theatre presents "Comeback," a thriller, Halifax

April 16-June 15 — "Profile '81": A juried exhibit of Nova Scotia crafts, Firefighters' Museum, Yarmouth

April 18-May 20 — Gameboards: 19th- and 20th-century gameboards, Macdonald Museum, Middleton

April 21 — Performance Art: Interpretation of the art of William Eagar by Jim McSwain and Sandy Moore, Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, Halifax

April 22 — The Inkspots: The group performs calypso, blues and jazz, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 27, 28 — Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema presents the acclaimed film "My Dinner with André," National Film Board Theatre, Halifax

April 28 — Canadian Brass: A classical brass ensemble, Dalhousie Arts Centre

April 28-June 5 — The Westburne Collection: Contemporary sculpture, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

April 29-May 1 — "Spring-into-Summer": Craft and antique festival, Halifax Forum

**NEWFOUNDLAND**

April — Stan Rogers: Popular Canadian folk singer. Arts and Culture Centres: April 18, Stephenville; April 19, Corner Brook; April 20, Grand Falls; April 21, Gander

April — London Shakespeare Group







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presents "Twelfth Night." Arts and Culture Centres: April 11, 12, St. John's; April 14, Stephenville; April 15, Corner Brook; April 19, Grand Falls; April 20, Gander

April — "A Breath of Scotland": A night of Scottish entertainment. Arts and Culture Centres: April 21, Stephenville; April 22, Corner Brook; April 23, Grand Falls; April 25, Gander; April 26, St. John's

April 1-30 — Arthur Lismer: Group of Seven artist, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 4-9 — Provincial Drama Festival, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 8-June 5 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Nfld. Museum, St. John's

April 21-May 7 — Annual Photo Exhibit by local photographers, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown

April 24 — Grenfell College "Spring Sing," Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

April 25 — The Canadian Brass: Classical brass ensemble, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 29 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra featuring pianist Angela Hewitt, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

## MARKETPLACE

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# Making house calls by dog sled

*In his early medical career in Labrador, Anthony Paddon had to cope with tuberculosis epidemics, primitive surgical equipment and travel over a vast, forbidding territory*

In his office at Government House in St. John's, Anthony Paddon is surrounded by elegance — a thick oak desk, velvet-covered chairs, a silver tea service. But today, his mind drifts back to an isolated cabin in Back Bay, Labrador: The walls are mildewed and papered with old newspapers. Outside, the wind is screeching steadily. Inside, an Inuit couple, Hughie Palliser and his wife, are starving. "Usually, the man comes out and helps you unharness the dogs and carry your stuff in," Paddon says. "This is an age-old hospitality in Labrador. But that day, no one came out, nobody. They were damn near fainting with hunger. They couldn't come out."

That day was in December, 1946. Paddon, who's now lieutenant-governor of Newfoundland, was then chief medical officer for Labrador — a job he held from 1945 to 1977. Born in Indian River, Lab., in 1914, he inherited his father's medical position at North West River at a time when the area was rife with tuberculosis, diphtheria and other diseases.

For Paddon, Hughie Palliser's plight symbolized much of what was wrong in Labrador. Sitting at his desk, hands cupped over his knees and the lines of his face tightening with indignation, he recalls how he felt that day at the Pallisers' cabin: "Here I am in this sad place. Few of the people are educated. The majority of them have tuberculosis. They get exploited by traders. They just get exploited. The whole place is undernourished. It's in trouble of every kind. It's too much, nobody can take this. And really, if there had been a way to run away that day, I think I would have headed for Bermuda. I really was as low as I ever got."

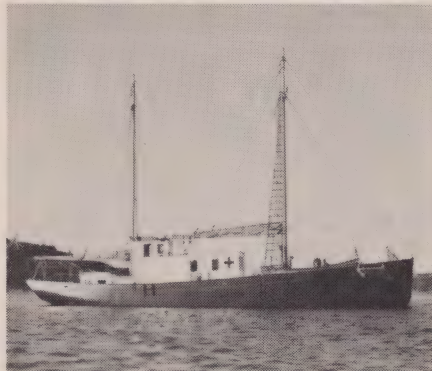
At that time, Paddon had been back in Labrador about eight months. He'd gone to medical school in New York and served overseas in the Se-



Paddon: "I broke all the rules . . . in TB"

cond World War. Returning north late in 1945, he spent the winter learning the ropes at the hospital in St. Anthony on the northern tip of Newfoundland. This hospital, like the one at North West River, was owned, operated and financed by the International Grenfell Association, a medical mission founded by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who came to Labrador in 1892. Paddon's father had died in 1939, and his mother, a nurse and anesthesiologist, had been running the North West River hospital by herself (she was awarded an OBE for this). "There was never any doubt that I would follow in my father's footsteps," he says. "It was the natural thing to do."

Medical facilities were primitive. Doctors made house calls throughout the vast territory mostly by dog sled or boat. The hospital, which served as a doctors' residence, could accommodate 8-10 patients. Most surgery was done in a bedroom because the operating room was usually full of



The hospital ship used by both Paddons

TB patients. About 15% of the population had latent or active TB, and surgery was the main form of treatment for it. "If we thought we could do anything for them," Paddon says, "we would try to get them to the hospital, where we treated them with artificial pneumothorax. That's where you collapse part of the lung by putting air in the chest to close the tuberculous cavity that's causing the trouble."

North West River had no x-ray machines, and fewer than a third of those found to have TB survived: The disease was usually well advanced before treatment started. In 1948, Paddon bought his own x-ray machine, a small, military model, and installed it on his boat. He figures it saved hundreds of lives.

In the late Forties and early Fifties, drugs such as streptomycin and INAH (an anti-TB drug) arrived, and the medical pioneers made their first real breakthrough against the disease. But it was still hard to control because of the nomadic lives of the Inuit and northern Indians.

"I broke all the rules there are in TB," Paddon says. "I had to. An example of the wrong way to go about things was to find a man with a small cavity and to rush him off to a sanatorium to lie in bed for a year. Once I knew what to expect from the drugs, I administered them simultaneously instead of successively. It saved time and it worked."

Improvisation was the rule for every medical problem. And Paddon was ingenious. He was supposed to send all fractures that required complicated



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surgery, such as screwing steel plates to bones, to St. Anthony. As a general practitioner, he was denied access to the supplies to perform this type of surgery. But boats didn't sail to St. Anthony from Labrador in winter.

"I got to thinking. We had a nice new hospital in North West River with sterilizing facilities and a good operating room. Maybe I could make my own equipment. We took stainless steel screws out of locks and cut plates from the top of a vegetable dish. And they worked. Just fine." It wasn't until several years later that the St. Anthony hospital, while x-raying one of Paddon's patients, found out what their North West River doctor had been forced to resort to. "After that, I got the proper medical equipment," he says with satisfaction.

**T**here were only three permanent doctors in northern Newfoundland and Labrador in these early years. Dr. Gordon Thomas in St. Anthony, a surgeon; Dr. John Grey, an intern, and Paddon. "Between the three of us we didn't get many of our cases wrong," says Paddon. "We were on the side of the angels."

Frontier medicine improved immensely in the mid-Fifties with the arrival of permanently based airplanes for the two hospitals. Paddon got his first plane in 1957, and he no longer had to leave his patients unattended for long periods. "It really changed things. You could hold clinics all along the coast in one day, and then pick up the patients that needed hospitalization on the way back."

But there was still adventure. Once, Paddon's plane had to make an emergency landing in a whiteout, and he lost radio contact with the hospital for five days. "I knew there was a cabin close by because I had travelled by dog sled in that area before. We camped there and actually it was quite pleasant."

Like his father, Paddon has always wanted to see Labradorians help themselves. Besides running the hospital, he raised funds to improve the school system and helped set up foster homes and an alcoholic rehabilitation program, now operated mainly by Inuit.

Paddon plans to go back to his beloved north when his term at Government House expires in three years' time. And, in the meantime, he takes obvious pride in the fact that some young Labradorians are following in his footsteps: Three Labrador-born medical students are studying at Memorial University in St. John's. "This is the generation I treated as a doctor," he says. "And maybe some day they will return to Labrador."

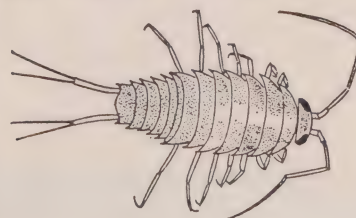
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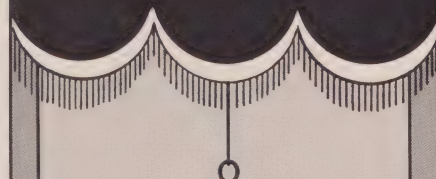
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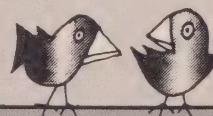
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## OLKS

**J**im O'Neill first became interested in the circus more than 50 years ago, when he stood on a Fredericton, N.B., street corner with his mother and watched a steam calliope roll by. Today, O'Neill has three of his own calliopes plus a lot of other circus paraphernalia — all part of O'Neill Bros. Circus, a remarkable, miniature recreation of an old-time tent show that is faithful to the originals right down to the outdoor privy tents. O'Neill's models were famous shows that once toured the Maritime provinces, and his circus encompasses everything from the colorful wagons to the Big Top. A former Fredericton fireman, O'Neill began his project in 1955, intending to merely make a toy wagon or two for his son, Hugh, then 1½. But by 1958, he was in high gear. Today, it takes more than 30 wooden boxes to store his circus and several days to set it



O'Neill: It takes several days to set up his miniature, old-time tent show

up. But O'Neill won't stop building. "I don't want to lose my touch," he says. "I try to keep something on the bench."

**I**t all started the day **Bill Moores** went to the library to do some research on peat. "I was trying to get rid of the water in the peat because I was burning it in my stove, and wanted a more efficient fuel," says Moores, 51, a St. John's, Nfld., inventor whose career has included a stint as a boxer, service in the armed forces and jobs as a salesman and restaurateur. "I started to do some

research and suddenly realized the potential peat had." That led to the invention of Oclansorb, a fibrous powder made from peat, which is now being used to mop up oil spills. The powder, sprayed on a hydrocarbon spill before it reaches shore, quickly absorbs up to 12 times its own weight. This winter, it soaked up a diesel spill in Corner Brook harbor with little effort. Moores, who dropped out of school after Grade 8, says he developed Oclansorb partly through trial and error. "There were jars of various concoctions all over the house, and then one night when nothing seemed to work, I landed on the right combination that would break down the peat." He got a \$30,000 grant from the National Research Council, and Oclansorb hit the market last September. Now it's patented in 19 countries. Because it's made from peat, and the manufacturing process is simple, it costs about half as much as other commercial absorbents. Moores, who says he detests business, stays away from the sales end. "I'm an inventor, first and last," he says.

**W**hat do Pierre Berton, Gordon Lightfoot and **Cameron King** have in common? All three like trains. Berton and Lightfoot have written and sung about them, and King, 68, of Fredericton, N.B., paints them in vivid watercolors. A retired civil engineer originally from Plaster Rock, N.B., King is especially interested in the classic, old steam engines that once were mainstays on Canadian railroads. He paints them in such careful, loving detail, and in such realistic settings, the old engines seem set to leap off the canvas and into real life again. King, who worked for the CPR in Montreal for 29 years, has been "drawing engines all my life," but his painting output has increased since 1973, when he began tackling large depictions of the trains in actual settings. So far, he's done 23 of these along with another 30 broadside "elevations" of the steam locomotives themselves. He's sold 12 of his paintings for prices ranging from \$400 to \$1,250. Why such a passion for trains? Because "they have an historical significance," King says. Berton and Lightfoot would agree.

**D**ancer-choreographer **Cathy Ferri**, 30, brings a unique blend of drama and dance to her performances. Ferri, who came to St. John's, Nfld., in 1974, trained with La Groupe de la Place Royale in Montreal, the State University of New York and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Last year, she captivated audiences with her show *Fantasy for Phyllis*, about a female derelict in St. John's who encounters a big-city bag lady. This year, she's holding another improvisation performance. Scheduled to open next month at the LSPU Hall, it will be choreographed by eight of her students. The five-foot-three, 106-pound Ferri teaches ballet, Afro-Caribbean





BUCHHEITPHOTON

#### Ferri: A blend of drama and dance

and modern dance to over 70 students in the St. John's area. Between classes and rehearsals she also finds time to tour with productions. Two of the most successful shows that toured the island were *A Band in Ancestors*, based on Newfoundland painter David Blackwood's *Lost Party* series on the seal hunt, and *The Wonder Boat Circus Show*. "Dancing is an art-form," says Ferri, "and if I can develop that kind of an appreciation for it in St. John's, I'll be happy." Watching her graceful, lithe movements on stage, audiences need little convincing.

**Murray Kinloch** of Fredericton, N.B., has set up what may be the country's most unusual crisis line. Every weekday, he or a colleague at the University of New Brunswick cheerfully advises about a dozen perplexed callers on such questions as whether to use "accept" or "except," "affect" or "effect," a comma or a semicolon. "We've had questions on every aspect of the language," says Kinloch, the UNB English department's resident linguist, who has studied English from its ancient Indo-European roots to its use in present-day New Brunswick. A native Scot whose first language difficulties cropped up with his cockney platoon mates during the Second World War, Kinloch taught in England and Wales before making Fredericton his home in 1959. He believes that competence in English has dropped during the past few years. So, when he read about a grammar hotline at an Illinois University, "it struck me as a natural for this area." The "area," however, has turned out to be much of the country. Since he began the service in January, he's had calls from as far away as British Columbia and the Yukon. The service is anonymous and free—except for long-distance callers, who must contend with their own phone bills. And there's no need for callers to be sheepish. "Calling

us shows that they care about the language," says Kinloch, "and this isn't something to be embarrassed about." His number is (506) 453-4500.

**A**t 14, astrologer **Evelyn Hare** realized that she had a special talent. She says she could lie in bed at home in Baddeck, N.S., and clearly see life on the streets of London, England, or a village in India. Today, Hare, 50, is making a name for herself with predictions of events such as the assassination attempt on U.S. President Ronald Reagan in 1981, the patriation of the Canadian constitution and earthquakes in Japan and New Brunswick. "I'm constantly being surprised at the accuracy of astrology," she says. Hare, who studied astrology by correspondence from an American school, reads palms and interprets horoscopes by appointment at her Beaverbank, N.S., home. She also appears regularly on television, on a Halifax radio show and at conventions. For 1983, Hare predicts a turnaround for the Canadian economy, although there'll be a setback this month, she says. And she foresees changes for some big names in the news: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau won't stay in office for another term. Princess Diana will have a baby girl. And the Pope will have money problems.

fiddle, tin whistles, drums, guitar, recorder, accordion and mandolins at festivals, fairs, benefits and conventions. The group, which has a diverse background — Bonar comes from Ireland, Basiletti from Detroit and Samuelson from Alberta — started 2½ years ago. Since then, it's performed traditional songs with a fresh, original style at more than 100 gatherings, and on CBC-TV shows such as *Ryan's Fancy*, *Sounds of the Island* and *Up Home Tonight*. None of the women has an inclination to



RICHARD FURLONG

#### Folk musicians (from left) Samuelson, Bonar and Basiletti: A fresh, original style

**P**rince Edward Island's all-female folk group, **Josie Pye**, took its name from an obnoxious character in *Anne of Green Gables*. Fortunately, however, the musicians have little else in common with Anne's arch-enemy. Audiences like Nollaig Bonar, 30, Mari Basiletti, 34, both occupational therapists, and JoDee Samuelson, 33, a home-maker. They sing and play

break out alone. "If we have, we don't tell one another," Bonar jokes. But they do have ambitions. "We'd like to enlarge our repertoire, buy a van — with someone to carry the speakers, of course — and travel a lot."





## The life and times of a swashbuckling bank robber

As Edwin Alonzo Boyd, and as narrator of this true-crime documentary, Gordon Pinsent charms and diverts

Review by Martin Knelman

**T**he time: The early 1950s. The place: Toronto. In the background we hear the masochistic drawl of Patti Page wailing "The Tennessee Waltz." We hear the words of Edwin Alonzo Boyd, Toronto's most stylish outlaw: "When I broke out of the Don Jail, it was going to be a fast suicide. I thought I'd go out like Dillinger. I'd seen those Jimmy Cagney movies with the cops and their searchlights, and I thought, 'If that's the way I have to go, then that's the way I'll go...'"

Boyd was nothing if not cocky and spunky, and in the lively TV film *The Life and Times of Edwin Alonzo Boyd*, the title role is played by that professional embodiment of cockiness and spunkiness, Gordon Pinsent, doing one of the niftiest juggling acts of his career. "Those were not the words of a second-rate hack Hollywood script writer," Pinsent promises the audience, speaking directly to the camera, and establishing a startling convention that he pulls off with what looks like throwaway ease. Pinsent doubles here as narrator of a breezy true-crime documentary and as

the actor portraying Boyd. Slipping in and out of the role, Pinsent even compares his own career with Boyd's: "We were both actors. I was on the legitimate stage.... He was not so legitimate.... I got better reviews."

It's the thesis of this film, produced by Barry Pearson (who along with Marjorie Lamb wrote the book *The Boyd Gang* five years ago), that Boyd wasn't just another crook, but that he somehow acted out the mythology of his times. His bank robberies were outrageously hammy performances, like the swashbuckling exploits of Alan Swann, the sloshed movie star played so gleefully by Peter O'Toole in the current comedy hit *My Favorite Year*. Boyd, who clearly relished the gamesmanship involved, introduced touches of showmanship into his bank jobs. He'd wear makeup, and leap on the teller's counter like some acrobat on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Twenty-five years after the fact, he told Barry Pearson in one of their taped interviews: "My way of living was robbing banks. I enjoyed it. The way I look at it, they have the money, and I'm interested in getting it. I had a

Pinsent as a hammy bank robber

good feeling when I was successful."

But Boyd wanted more than money; he also loved attention. And the newspapers gave him plenty of it. The Boyd Gang arrived at the end of an era — when TV was in its infancy and screaming newspaper headlines were still a primary source of popular entertainment. Edwin Boyd's biography begins like a drugstore novel. His father was a tough cop. His mother died when he was 15, and he was dispatched to live with relatives. By 1932, he was a young Depression drifter, riding the rods. Relief camps and soup kitchens were part of his circuit. He got tossed into jail after walking into a restaurant without a penny and ordering a sumptuous dinner. By the end of the 1930s, there was little left of the naive kid who marched with the YMCA band at age 10 and had been a devout churchgoer. He was more at home as an army man during the war than he was as a peacetime civilian back in Toronto. He had odd jobs washing windows. He even thought of training to be an actor, but got cold feet when he arrived at Lorne Greene's Acting Academy.

In 1949, Boyd read a newspaper article about a retarded boy who had held up a bank and walked away with \$69,000, and decided it was all too absurdly easy. On Sept. 9, propped up by a shot of Irish whiskey, he pulled his first bank job, escaping from a branch of the Bank of Montreal with \$2,200. He made a botch of almost everything, but in spite of several stupid mistakes, he got away with it. Several more robberies



followed, and with a customary touch of flamboyance, Boyd robbed the same teller at the site of his first heist two years later. He landed in the Don Jail when an amateur partner got caught and squealed.

It was in the Don that Boyd connected with Lennie Jackson, a one-footed kid from Niagara Falls who loved to drive flashy cars and whose specialty was the numbers racket. Lennie's artificial foot was also his ticket out of the Don: He and Boyd escaped using a hacksaw concealed in Jackson's boot. Along with a Czech immigrant who had traded in the violin he played as a child for a revolver, and changed his name from Valent Kozak to Steve Suchan so as not to embarrass his family, Boyd and Jackson teamed up for a spectacular job on Nov. 30, 1951. Hitting a suburban Toronto bank on payroll day, they made off with \$46,000. But hiding out at the home of Suchan's parents, they were outfoxed by Suchan's father, who took off for Florida with some of the loot.

Like any self-respecting big-time crooks, the Boyd Gang had its molls: Mary Mitchell (Lennie's sister) and Ann Roberts, who worked together at the Famous Door Tavern on Yonge Street, and hooked up with Steve and Lennie respectively. It was Mary Mitchell,

***"My way of living was robbing banks. I enjoyed it. The way I look at it, they have the money, and I'm interested in getting it. I had a good feeling when I was successful!"***

jealous of a woman who bore Suchan's child, who began having chats with a cop named Tong, leading to the gang's downfall and to Tong's murder.


Tong was gunned down after approaching a car occupied by Jackson and Steve Suchan. At their murder trial, they had brilliant defenders — Arthur Maloney and J.J. Robinette. But on Dec. 16, 1952, both were hanged. Just before the trial, all four members of the Boyd Gang captured the public imagination by sawing their way out of the Don Jail, setting off one of the biggest manhunts in Toronto history, and letting jail officials in for a roasting by everyone from Alan Lammport, then the mayor, to Gordon Sinclair. The escape and recapture was one of the hottest stories covered in the first season of Toronto TV news. The Boyd Gang had made a laughing stock out of the Don Jail, and eventually there would be a royal commission inquiry into the jail's administration.

But what of Edwin Boyd, who was not present at the murder of Sergeant Tong, and in any case had never showed any taste for violence? Boyd was sentenced to life imprisonment. After serving 10 years at Kingston Peniten-

tiary, he was paroled in 1962 but sent back for four more years for violation of parole. When he was finally released, he moved west, married for the second time and, under a new identity, became a model citizen. Not long ago, he even won an award for community service; according to the citation, when help is needed, he is always the first to roll up his sleeves and pitch in.

The Boyd Gang film is a model of how to bring off a specifically Canadian subject with flair but on a small enough budget that it can make its money back without being exported. At first Barry Pearson, who produced the film, and Les Rose, who directed it, wanted to do a conventional feature movie about the Boyd Gang. But they realized they weren't going to be able to raise enough money to make the movie they had in mind. What evolved was a format for a scaled-down television version, with one performer doubling as narrator and actor (in the role of Boyd). They were shrewd enough to get perhaps the one actor in Canada who could pull off this assignment. And they were smart enough to give themselves a script that's so fast and entertaining, the audience doesn't have time to be bothered by the artificiality of the format. We're much too busy being charmed and diverted by Pinsent.

Gordon Pinsent specializes in playing charming rogues, and what carries this film along is the sense that he enjoys acting the way Edwin Boyd enjoyed holding up banks. In the double role of Boyd and Pinsent, he does some very deft work, and makes it all look easy to toss off. That casual air is an essential part of the film's appeal. And Pinsent makes the story into a winning comedy by turning Boyd into a fast-talking self-dramatizer with an amusingly original point of view. Boyd becomes, as Pinsent plays him, a social critic clucking over the flaws of Toronto society of the early 1950s. Pinsent, like Boyd, is a survivor. With disaster all around him, he not only keeps going but constantly seems to be inventing new forms of triumph. He brought memorable brio to the role of the heroic Canadian ambassador Ken Taylor in the CBS/CTV telefilm *Escape from Iran*, and his Genie-award winning performance opposite Ellen Burstyn was one of the only redeeming elements in that frigid epic movie, *Silence of the North*. Pinsent is becoming a better actor as he gets older, and in the Boyd Gang movie, his personality gives the material a special charge.

The film, to be aired this month on CTV, was made for less than \$300,000, and shot in five weeks with a crew of 10 and a cast of 10. As we observe the collapse of Hollywood North and the comic spectacle of pay TV operators making promises we know they can never keep, we'd be well advised to look very closely at *The Life and Times of Edwin Alonzo Boyd*. 

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# Thummer is a-comin' in. Let's go blow grath

*And other sweet suggestions  
from the mouths of babes  
and sucklings*

**W**hen the thummer comes," lisped our youngest child to a visitor who's got connections in the Department of Welfare, "my daddy is going to teach me to blow grath."

"Blowing grass" is now, I understand, a term used for the act of sucking on the silly ciggies. The chap's maggoty socialist moustache bristled indignantly. And once more daddy had to leap in and interpret one of those *bon mots* which can suddenly issue from the lips of babes and sucklings with the effect of a pistol shot in a dark alley.

Heh, heh, heh, explained daddy. Yes. Well. Blowing grass is an infantile practice in these parts. I mean, ah, you pluck a blade of grass, you see . . . no, Grass grass, you pinko twit . . . and you hold it between your two thumbs to form a reed. When you blow, a most soul-satisfying shriek is produced. Uncannily like a buck rabbit getting a leg over.

"Daddy, what's 'getting a leg o . . .'"

"Hop the hell-k, off, now, my adorable little cherub, or you're going to miss nice *Mister Rogers*. Apart from *Hymn Sing* it's the only program on television we let you watch, isn't it? [Sotto voce to diabolical offspring.] Sweetums, this man with the blow-dried lip is a nasty, nasty person. If you speak to him once more he'll take you away to a terrible place called Social Services where you'll have nothing to play with except giant killer rats. Now, scoot!"

"The youngsters'll hang you every time," is an old Newfoundland saying. "My daddy says he's going to hammer your daddy's chin right down into his cl . . . cl . . . clavicles!" is the least of their tiny little excrement-disturbing talents. It's when they sponge up odd bits of Big People's Talk and spring them forth in genteel and powerful company — older relatives included — that puts the nails in your casket.

How do they know exactly when and to whom to spring them? How can they dredge up the precise three-month-old tidbit just when it will cause the maximum embarrassment and the possible loss of them and their baby bonus? Are they directed by a sinister power?

Last Red Shield month a brace of Salvation Army lassies came collecting. I won't say the SA is a sort of Thought Police for the Welfare Department but there is a clear alliance. As the receipt for a generous yet not ostentatious \$1.50 was being written, out into the porch skips the youngest one.

There came the usual flurry of chin-

chucking, cheek-pinching and head-patting. Then the pointed question: "And what's your name, then?" It's like the ploy used by a biblical tribe which caught out spies in its midst when they pronounced "rice" as "lice" or whatinahell ever.

If the child remains silent, the criminally negligent parents are immediately under suspicion of having let the cat get its tongue. Or there's a chance they'll catch you out as a member of a drug-crazed hippy cult such as the New Democratic Party if the child replies that its name is something like Eloise Antichrist Moonblossom. They have you going and coming.

"Oncet . . . oncet . . . oncet . . . a dreat big lion peed right in my daddy's face," chirped the youngest as pretty as you please.

"My, my, my, that's a real pretty name," said the older SA lassie, apparently deaf as a haddock from sitting next to the bass drummer for, I would judge, the past 52 years. Just then, along popped baby's older sister shaking her head vigorously and wagging her finger. That little brute already has the makings of a virulent strain of school marm.

"No, no, silly," says the elder. "Don't be ridiculous. What she said is, 'Once, a big lion peed right in daddy's face.' So there!"

There are times, baby bonus or no, when I get the strong urge to dye them both blonde and sell them at an attractive discount to the first Saudi Arab that comes down the road.

The more audio-acute of the Child Welfare Gestapo skipped behind her ancient comrade for safety. I snatched the little darlings to me and squeezed them so fondly as to force the air out of them, preventing further utterance. In these cases, you can do one of two things. You can put on a sickly simper, shrug and murmur something about there being children for you, cute aren't they. Or you can make the mistake I always do. You can attempt to explain.

Explanations of this sort are, by their very nature, long. You commence at a feigned leisurely pace but the slack-jawed stares of your audience soon put you off. In no time at all your Old Man River of a dialogue is soon bouncing and roaring through Hell's Gate Canyon. God, it's horrible. Long before you get to the end your beholders, who've had their doubts right from the start, see in front of them a gibbering lunatic and scrabble fran-

tically for their rape whistles or the fireplace tongs or some other means of defence.

"What they're talking about, you see, ladies is . . . Well, it's so silly, really. Last Christmas, the little b . . . b . . . beauties here must have overheard me telling an anecdote to some friends. Little pitchers, big ears, eh?"

"Anyway. True. Rather harmless. Some years ago. Going to school in Toronto. Clean, decent, Christian city in those days. Cousin from home came to visit. Doing the wholesome, educational sights, you know. Went to the zoo . . . the old Riverdale Zoo. No such thing as a zoo in Arnold's Cove, of course. Still not, far as I know. Kangaroos, baboons, bison, that sort of thing. Toronto, I mean.

"Reached the lion cage just at feeding time. Awestruck. Two callow lads from the country, don't you know. Magnificent beasts, Leo and his mate. Biblical beasts. Daniel in den of, as we know. Lion of Judah, of course, and 'out of the strong came sweet' like Samson on the cans of Lyle's Golden Syrup. So forth. But we digress.

"Big as cows, they were. Roaring like the bulls of Baal. Ripped through a haunch of horse in five minutes flat. 'Stonishing. Then, no warning, Mister Leo achieves a leg-over mode . . . not to put too fine a point on it . . . and talk about us dumbstruck. Scandalized.

"Cousin and I rooted to spot. This Toronto the good? Thin edge of moral rot right there before us. Then the darnedest thing. Conclusionment of doing dirt, lion backs up to bars, swish of mighty tail and purinates like a water cannon. "Caught me right between the eyes. Cousin dropped to the floor clutching ribs, howling like a silly bug . . ."

Of course, the lassies had long since hopped it. Whenever I get caught up in one of these hideous explanatory cleftsticks my vision tends to swim or else leaves me altogether. I returned to reality panting and weak.

When I staggered back into the living room the two Bad Seed were sitting placidly in a corner trying to cajole a Smurf into an unspeakable practice with Strawberry Shortcake.

I ask you . . . what chance has a poor parent got, these days? From earliest days onward their minds are won away by church, state, school, Mr. Dressup, who then seek to kidnap them in body as well. Shut up and gum your porridge, you abominable serpents' teeth. ☒



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